

THE PRESIDENT A WELL MAN TODAY? by Walter Karig

MAY 13,
1939

Liberty 5¢



FIVE HOLLYWOOD
DAUGHTERS AND
A PRAYER

By Priscilla Lane's Mother

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr. ★ RITA WEIMAN ★ FREDERICK L. COLLINS
SIDNEY LENZ ★ TOM SHARKEY ★ GRACE PERKINS ★ OSCAR SCHISGALL



BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT

SAYS Ripley

**THIS NEW TIRE SWEEPS WET ROADS SO DRY
YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!**

No wonder this new kind of tire will give you the **Quickest Non-Skid Stops** you've ever had . . .

"**Y**ES, you can light a match on its dry track" says Robert Ripley. "That certainly explains why this new Goodrich Silvertown will stop you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before. It proves beyond a doubt that this new kind of tire is a road-dryer."

In fact, the wider, flatter surface of this Life-Saver Tread—with its deep grooves and spiral bars—is so skillfully designed that it acts on wet roads *like a whole battery of windshield wipers*. These never-ending spiral bars sweep the water right and left—force it out through those deep drainage grooves—make a dry track *as you drive*.

Remember, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown is designed with still another great idea in mind—to give you *real* protection against today's dangerous high-speed blow-outs. That's why every new Silvertown has the famous Golden Ply—an exclusive Goodrich invention that has already kept thousands of motorists off the accident list.

No Extra Cost

See your nearest Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and have them put this "Silvertown Safety" between your car and the road *today*. It may save your life *tomorrow*. And remember, you can put this life-saving tire on your car right now *at no extra cost!*



The Man Who Amazes Millions Himself Amazed!

Robert Ripley says, "The ability of the Goodrich Silvertown to sweep wet roads so dry that you can light a match on its track certainly belongs among my most famous 'Believe-It-Or-Nots'."

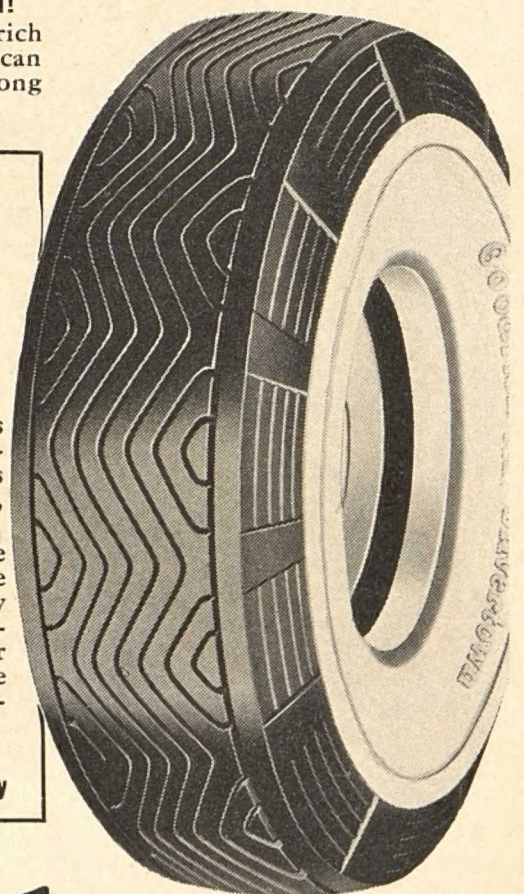


HERE'S PROOF!

Read the result of two series of non-skid tests by independent Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory against *regular* and *premium-priced* tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, including new tires recently introduced:

"The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested including not only the old established tires of these manufacturers—some listed at 40% to 70% higher in price—but also the new tires which were recently tested under the same road conditions."

Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION  GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

AN "R & G" USED FORD V-8 IS THOROUGHbred AND THRIFTY

When you buy a purebred pup, you know he comes from good stock and has had good handling.

When you buy an "R & G" used Ford from a Ford Dealer, you can have just as much confidence in it.

First, because it's a *Ford*. That means an extra margin of economical mileage—the result of fine materials, careful workmanship and simple design. It means an extra measure of performance—with the smoothness only *eight* cylinders can give. And it means universal service.

Second, because the "R & G" plan protects you completely. "R & G" means *Renewed* and *Guaranteed*. Renewed where necessary to meet strict specifications and guaranteed *in writing* to give satisfaction or your money back.

Some of your Ford Dealer's "R & G" cars are other makes, of course. But they're all recent models with modern improvements—all *hand-picked values* at low prices.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

**ONLY FORD
DEALERS HAVE "RENEWED AND
GUARANTEED" USED CARS**



BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

THE MOTION-PICTURE BUSINESS A POLITICAL FOOTBALL?



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Producers of motion pictures deal in human emotions. They buy and sell dramatic presentations of love, romance, adventure. It is doubtless the most sensitive business in the world. And its output cannot be produced and sold just as you would farm or factory-made products. The writing and production of films enters the field of artistry. They depend on imagination, inspiration;

and to adopt the mechanical procedure necessary to government control of such a business would be disastrous.

And, after all, the people are the best censors of pictures. They are better able to decide what they want at the box office than any body of censors.

Obscene pictures may appeal to a few who are already wallowing in mental filth, but the general public who pay the millions required to make and market great pictures know what they want, and their instinctive demands are mostly normal and healthy.

The efforts of the administration to restrict and control business generally have now descended upon the great motion-picture industry. Doubtless it has recognized that this huge business with its colossal expenditures could be made a rich source of political graft. They could doubtless be made to divvy up on some of their huge profits.

A bill was recently introduced by Senator Neely to prohibit bloc booking. This method of selling is absolutely necessary for the protection of the business.

When a producer spends huge sums of money, sometimes millions, for making a picture, he must be reasonably sure of a market, and if this bill should pass it would greatly curtail the investment in motion pictures. The motion-picture business at

present is suffering not only from a diminished business in this country, but from extraordinary efforts being made by all the dictator countries to shut out American films.

These countries are afraid of our democratic ideals, and they are desirous of making pictures in their own countries and thus avoiding what they consider the American contamination.

The motion-picture industry should be allowed to solve its own problems without governmental interference. For many years, with the assistance of Will Hays, a censorship body has functioned that controls the movie industry far more intelligently than any political body, whose knowledge of motion pictures would naturally be limited.

We have led the world in the motion-picture field. Attend any of the theaters in European countries, and the dramatic superiority of American pictures will be readily acknowledged.

Our readers who believe that at least the motion-picture business should be free from political connivance and allowed to develop in accordance with its requirements should write their congressmen and senators and register a strenuous objection to bill Number S-280 which is now before Congress.

Motion pictures are now our principal source of entertainment. The censorship we have at the present time is often foolish and occasionally obnoxious.

It is to the financial interest of motion-picture officials to produce clean films. No other kind ever made a profit. Therefore they can be depended upon in the future, as they have in the past, to produce pictures that will have a wholesome, healthy influence on all those who view them.

Bernarr Macfadden

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YE OLDE TIME PANTS



GOOD-BYE to the embarrassment caused by fastenings that frequently come open by accident—and often break off your trousers.

PANTS OF 1939



HELLO to the TALON fastener. Now you know your trousers are properly closed. And another thing—the TALON fastener is permanent!



YESTERDAY you had your hands full with five fastenings on your pants. Clumsy. Annoying.



THIS SEASON you close your trousers with one slide of the TALON fastener. Easy. Quick.



ANTIQUATED...the gaps that often resulted from old-fashioned fastenings.



MODERN...TALON slide fastener. Makes your fly neat and inconspicuous.

CHEERS! This spring you get the TALON slide fastener in most of the better-made suits!

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

WHY DO YOU now find the Talon fastener on new suits in every price range?

Is it because men prefer its ease, security, durability? Yes!

But there's another reason — especially important to you. It's because the Talon slide fastener always works perfectly!

Naturally, when a feature becomes as popular as the Talon fastener, unreliable

imitations are bound to appear. Protect yourself against these. Always "take a second look" for the name "Talon" on the slide fastener.

For the name "Talon" is your assurance of a slide fastener specially-made to give perfect service on the specific article you are buying — whether it's a suit, a pair of slacks or anything else.



"TAKE A SECOND
LOOK" FOR THE
NAME

"TALON"
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
ON SLIDE
FASTENERS

TALON TROUSER FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. ★ MEADVILLE, PA.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



“All choked up over something, Robert?”

SIS: Ha! Ha! Robert's girl won't wa-it! Robert's girl won't wa-it—

BOB: Pipe down, Midget, and help hunt me a decent shirt. If I'm not at Susie's in fifteen minutes it's all up with your brother Robert. And every shirt I own seems to have shrunk to size 12.

SIS: You would have that kind!

BOB: Well, it's not my fault. I ask for “pre-shrunk” or “full-shrunk” shirts every time—but the darn things shrink just the same.

SIS: Never heard of Sanforized-Shrunk shirts, I suppose?

BOB: Aw, what do you know about it? That kind shrinks, too, I bet.

SIS: I know a lot about Sanforizing. I read about it in Good Housekeeping Magazine. It's the process that takes *all* the important shrinkage out of a fabric, before it's made into shirts. The most *any*

Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is 1%, by Government standard test.

BOB: What's that in plain English?

SIS: 1% shrinkage means a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt positively won't shrink out of fit, brother dear. This Sanforizing process is so good there are 195 patents on it, no less.

BOB: Sounds swell—but it doesn't get me out of this mess.

SIS: What would you say if I trotted out a brand-new Sanforized-Shrunk shirt I was saving for your birthday?

BOB: Honest? Do you really mean that? Where did you get the money?

SIS: What money? Sanforized-Shrunk shirts don't cost any more than those funnies of yours. And practically all the stores carry them. You can get Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pyjamas, too.

BOB: Bring on your shirt, darling—you're really wonderful!

SIS: I'll run get it. But I sure do hate doing this to Susie—

BOB: Susie?

SIS: She might be sap enough to fall for you—once you start wearing some decent-fitting shirts.

A word to smart sisters—

Men's shirts aren't the only things that can be bought SANFORIZED-SHRUNK. Look for these two words on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon:



- Women's Dresses
- Nurses' Uniforms
- Men's Shirts, Slacks
- Men's Work Clothes
- Men's Pyjamas, Shorts
- Children's Garments
- Slip-covers and Draperies

To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... Sanforized-Shrunk

IS THE PRESIDENT A WELL MAN TODAY?

BY WALTER KARIG



READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

TWICE a week, when the President is in the White House, he meets from 50 to 150 Washington correspondents in a catch-as-catch-can press conference. Only the width of an office desk separates Franklin D. Roosevelt from the front ranks of the newspapermen.

These come primed with questions they have pondered and rephrased for hours. As soon as Bill Donaldson, superintendent of the House of Representatives' press gallery, announces: "All in!" and the doors to the executive office are closed, the cross-examination of the President begins.

Mr. Roosevelt sits in an upholstered armchair, in his mouth the long ivory cigarette holder which is the barometer of his emotions. If the President is feeling in cocky good humor, the holder is perked upward like the bowsprit on one of the clipper-ship models on the wall. When he is grave, the tube sticks from his mouth like a gun at point-blank range. If he is angry or worried, the holder is laid aside, to be picked up for short deep puffs on the cigarette, of a popular two-packs-for-a-quarter brand.

A look at some fantastic world-wide rumors—and an intimate, authoritative revelation of plain facts

Only the President may smoke, by orders of the White House staff, and that is the only cause for envy the correspondents may have of the headman of the nation. No person on a witness stand has ever been subjected to the grilling that Mr. Roosevelt takes on Tuesday afternoons and Friday mornings. Frequently the quizzing becomes a contest of wits—between one man who is reluctant to reveal details of a program or policy in advance, and 150 men and women who are determined to learn everything.

There have been in the past six years whispered stories and foul gossip about the man in the White House, reflecting upon his mental and physical health.

There will be no recapitulation of the slander here. The most arch-Republican employee of the most bitterly anti-New Deal periodical would be prompt to deny the truth of stories that have been whispered in the washrooms of Philadelphia, New York, and Kansas City, which begin with a description of the President sitting in a wheel chair and end the devil knows where—or why.

Lately these stories have been printed in the newspapers—if the German and Italian propaganda sheets can be dignified by that name—of the Fascist countries. Virginio Gayda, who lately has been doing his job as Mussolini's journalistic mouthpiece by attacks upon Mrs. Roosevelt, published a story recently that the President's unfriendly attitude toward Fascism was a form of hysteria to which Mr. Roosevelt has been subject since his attack of infantile paralysis.

All of us who attend the White House press conferences have seen the President hopping mad and boiling with rage. The last occasion was the conference which followed the publication of interviews with unnamed members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that

quoted the President as putting the frontier of the United States on the Rhine. The story produced grave international repercussions. Mr. Roosevelt told the reporters that anybody who said he had placed the American frontier at the Rhine was a liar, and anybody who believed the lie was a boob.

It was the most intemperate language any of the correspondents had heard the President utter in years of intimacy, extending for some to the days he was Governor of New York.

A few days after that, Mr. Roosevelt took to his bed.

Immediately the whispering campaign was revived, and became a shouting campaign in the Fascist countries. Franklin D. Roosevelt had thrown another fit and was under guard, the newspapermen sworn to secrecy under penalties of incredible punishment.

Lies! Lies which, repeated by Americans in America, are tantamount to treason. To believe that the Roosevelt foreign or domestic policy is dangerous, and to shout that belief from the housetops, is our self-won right and privilege and a healthy proof of robust democracy; it has even been described as a democratic duty for those who differ with the government's policies to say so, and to say it loudly, for that is the essence of self-government. To whisper about that we Americans are being governed by an irresponsible neurotic is playing the Fascist game with Fascist weapons, which draw the blood of those who use them.

The President's health—the health of any President—is important to the American people, no matter what they think of the man or his methods.

Any reporter who has taken part in a press conference will tell you, without hesitation, that Franklin D. Roosevelt's mind is keen and controlled; he carries in it a fund of detailed information which enables him to answer—or parry—questions from scores of trained inquisitors which range in half an hour from the country's production of steel last month to Argentinian trade statistics or the nature of a political controversy in Wyoming.

The Presidential mind may produce thoughts or opinions which you or I believe to be 100 per cent wrong. That isn't the point.

HOW is Mr. Roosevelt's physical health?

The one man who knows says, "He is in better physical condition today than he has been for the seven years I have known him."

That man is the only person who can order the President around, to boss him with impunity. He is Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, and Mr. Roosevelt's personal physician.

And the secret of the President's sustained good health is—exercise. It is probably not generally realized, Dr. McIntire says, that Franklin Roosevelt is as physically active a man as any in the United States whose job keeps him behind an office desk most of the time.

Almost every day, and sometimes twice a day, the President plunges into a swimming pool, where he delights in roughhouse water sports. President Hoover's morning sessions with a medicine ball were as violent as a game of old maid compared with the vigorous exercise Franklin Roosevelt enjoys in the pool.

But—and this will surprise many—Dr. McIntire says that the President also gets a great deal of exercise in walking.

True enough, the walks are confined to the family's private second-floor quarters of the White House. It is not easy exercise for the President to take. He wears cumbersome braces, and must lean both on a stout cane and the arm of a companion, but daily walks the President does indeed take, none the less extended because they are indoors, up and down a corridor, instead of through Washington's many beautiful parks.

The President weighs 185 pounds. He is fond of eating, and takes on weight easily, but Dr. McIntire hauls his charge to the scales once a month. He grants Mr. Roosevelt a leeway of three pounds. If the scales tip a shade over the 188-pound mark, then F. D. R. gets his orders! No more second helpings and an extra half hour of exercise until the weighing machine registers a shade under the 185 norm.

There is no special diet for the President. "He eats everything and can digest anything," says his physician. His only illnesses since he entered the White House have been colds; in February, just before leaving for his Caribbean cruise with the navy war games to watch, Mr. Roosevelt had a touch of influenza.

He was ordered to bed by Dr. McIntire, and allowed only light foods until his temperature returned to normal. Meanwhile complete rest.

"He is the perfect patient," says Dr. McIntire. "He obeys orders. If every person who felt a cold coming would behave the same way, there would be a lot less sickness in the world. The President shakes off colds very quickly, proof of his sound physical condition in the first place, but also because he goes to bed and doesn't permit the infection any headway."

Mr. Roosevelt's blood pressure, also checked monthly, is described as "ideal." His teeth are regularly checked by a dentist, but if the truth be told, the President is a little careless about his own dental equipment. He has a single false tooth to fill a gap in his lower front row, and sometimes Mr. Roosevelt forgets to put it in place of a morning, an omission that is very conspicuous when he throws back his head in giving vent to one of his characteristic belly laughs.

"Fishing provides grand exercise for the President when he can get it," Dr. McIntire further reports. "During his cruise he often had himself lowered over the warship's side in a small boat to try his luck."

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Roosevelt eats the fish he catches.

He is especially fond of sea food, the rich mineral content of which makes Dr. McIntire approve of the Presidential appetite for broiled marlin steaks, grilled pompano, and filets of bonefish.

"Best of all, though, he likes terrapin," the White House physician says. "Terrapin à la Maryland, although he is fond of it cooked in any fashion that has yet been devised. And wild duck and quail."

But fried chicken brings no gleam to the Presidential eye. He has had so much chicken put before him in a lifetime of public luncheons and dinners!

The President has breakfast in bed—fruit, scrambled eggs, coffee; usually he has company for breakfast, too.

Luncheon is served from a tray at his desk, a one-dish meal which may be something hot but most of the time runs to sandwiches, with the crusts left on the bread.

At dinnertime, though, the President really lets himself go, unless he is under orders to knock off an excess three pounds.

F. D. R. is also a midnight snacker. Presidents may not raid iceboxes. Even Calvin Coolidge tried it only once, to retreat before the unspoken indignation of the kitchen staff. But when the Roosevelts have company of the unofficial kind, or the President is working late in his study, then his wife may stir up a dish of her famous scrambled eggs, or there will be sandwiches made from left-overs, cold roast beef or ham or the like.

By the analysis of Dr. McIntire, that President Roosevelt is in better physical condition than when he entered the White House in 1933, the question whether he could stand the rigors of a campaign for a third term, or survive another four years in the White House, seems to be answered.

If it is true that the President is figuring on retiring from the White House next year, in the expectancy that he will be recalled by public demand in 1944, as many of his friends declare, then there is nothing in his physical make-up to dictate retirement or prevent him from trying a comeback. As in the first eight years of this century, when another Roosevelt lived at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., there is a lusty athlete in the White House who is in constant training.

But whether or not F. D. R. plans to spend any part of the 1940s in the Executive Mansion, it promises to be a long, long time before the public inherits his private papers and the Hyde Park "dream house" which the President has said shall become the nation's property upon his death.

THE END



Mrs. Weintraub stepped into the dining room. She had one hour until midnight and she must make up her mind.

Mothers CAN'T HELP IT

For a day we celebrate this month . . . A tender tale of magic at midnight

BY E. G. MORRIS

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MRS. GEORGE WEINTRAUB was sixty-three when she died, and now, a little less than a year after her death, she came back to her son Robert's house to find things in a mess.

Robert was forty-three and lived in a very nice colonial house in East Orange, New Jersey. As Mrs. Weintraub passed through the front hall she unconsciously let the first finger of her right hand trail across the shining surface of the card table. Then she smiled and made a little gesture. Even if the table *had* been dusty, her ethereal fingers would have left no trace. But she did hope that Robert's wife, Elizabeth, was managing things nicely. It was such a pretty house and Robert was a fine man.

Mrs. Weintraub herself had been a very good housekeeper. She had not been a modern mother, it is true, and probably any efficient dietitian could have pointed out that Robert's indigestion was a direct result of his mother's cooking. But one thing was sure: no one else

on earth could make lentil soup or cook pot roast like Mrs. Weintraub.

Robert and Elizabeth were in the dining room, talking. Before George Weintraub had died, and while the family were all together, the Weintraubs had maintained the old-fashioned habit of sitting around the dining-room table after supper was over. The living room of the Weintraub house in Brooklyn had seen little use, being largely reserved for company. Elizabeth had often tried to break this habit in Robert.

It was the evening of Sunday, May 14, and as Mrs. Weintraub stepped noiselessly into the dining room she looked at the clock on the buffet. She had one hour until midnight and she must make up her mind.

For a moment or so she let her eyes feast on Robert. He was a little thin, she noticed, and much balder than he had been last year. Probably had been working too hard. Robert had always been the steadiest of the boys, and the last thing George had told Mrs. Weintraub before she came down to earth was that she should help Robert with his business. Mrs. Weintraub shrugged her shoulders and grinned sheepishly. Wasn't that just like papa? She had never had a good head for business even while she was in touch with things, and now she had no

idea at all as to what she might do. Anyway, she definitely was not going to use her one wish until she found out how the other boys were getting along.

Robert was talking, and Mrs. Weintraub smiled fondly as she realized he still maintained the contentious manner which had so often irritated her when she was alive.

"Granted that you are right, Elizabeth," he said challengingly, "if I do ask Frank for the money, there's a fifty-fifty chance he won't let me have it. It's the money that's caused all the trouble now. Frank is so sore about it that I don't think any one could change him. Frank's sweet enough and a charming boy, but he hasn't any more business sense than mother had. Heaven knows," Robert spread his hands dramatically, "we're in a bad enough mess now, but it won't help matters to further antagonize Frank. . . ."

Elizabeth nodded, and Mrs. Weintraub, who had never cared very much for her before, felt a quick bond of sympathy. It was terribly difficult to discuss things with Robert. He had an answer for everything and a mysterious faculty for making others feel guilty.

He was just and charitable and, of the three boys, had been the most thoughtful of his mother's welfare. Yet always Mrs. Weintraub had the feeling that he wasn't thinking so much of *her* as he was of the right thing to do. Sometimes she had wished Robert had been a little less thoughtful and a little more tender. She knew exactly how Elizabeth must feel: That hopeless sensation of being put on a witness stand and destroyed with unanswerable questions.

SHE wondered if the Frank they were talking of could possibly be her youngest son. When she died Frank had been out of work, and although the family was well off, she had known it was terrible for a mature man to live off them. What on earth had happened that made it possible for sober, industrious Robert to be considering getting help from Frank?

Just as Mrs. Weintraub leaned forward eagerly to hear what Robert was going to say, he turned, as though he sensed her presence, and Mrs. Weintraub started to speak, then remembered he couldn't see or hear her.

"What's the matter?" Elizabeth asked, and Robert shrugged his shoulders.

"I felt funny for a minute; couldn't co-ordinate my thoughts. Well, that's the situation. I've been to everybody I know, and money's as tight as a motorman's glove. Twenty thousand dollars!" He grunted sardonically. "I couldn't even raise twenty-five hundred."

Mrs. Weintraub was worried. If Robert needed twenty thousand dollars she would have to work fast. There were limits to what she could do. While it was true she had the power to do one thing to help her family, she couldn't hurt any one else in doing it, and for the death of her she didn't see how she was going to arrange about the money.

She was sorry now that she hadn't paid more attention when papa used to talk about business. If she knew more about the mechanics of finance, she could probably fix things so something would go up and Robert could make the money in one deal. But as it was, she might do the wrong thing, might wish something that would hurt a lot of other business men; then her wish wouldn't be granted and the Mother's Day visit would be wasted.

"We've got to do something," Elizabeth was saying. "We can't afford to lose the house, to ruin the children's chances. And after all, Robert, you're getting middle-aged. It'll be hard to start all over. Won't you go to Frank? Suppose he is silly about money. Surely if he realizes how important it is, that our future—the future of all of us is at stake—"

Robert looked up then, and since he had been a very little boy Mrs. Weintraub hadn't seen such a look of helplessness on his face.

"I wish I knew what to do," he moaned. "If I just knew what to do!"

The anguish in his voice tore at Mrs. Weintraub's heart and she stood behind him, wringing her hands and pressing her uppers against her lip. She couldn't feel that pressure, of course, but it was a habit she always had on earth, and those things are hard to forget.

How she wanted to go over and put her arms around him, hold him close to her, and comfort him! He had always been so good to her, so thoughtful. She watched him lovingly, sighing over the tired droop of his shoulders. But she knew if she did what she wanted she would have used up her opportunity. She drew back just as she was about to touch him. A fine thing that would have been! Robert would have been comforted for the moment, would have forgotten his troubles as he had forgotten childish ones when she had kissed them away, but the moment would quickly pass and her wish be used up for nothing.

She glanced at the clock again, noticed that it was nearly eleven thirty. She must hurry if she wanted to see Max and Frank before it was too late.

She wouldn't even have time to run upstairs and take a last look at her grandchildren, and she had so wanted to see if they had grown much during the past year, and if Mary Anne's teeth had been straightened.

The thought of her grandchildren made her realize how urgent it was that she do anything she could to help her son. She took one long last look at Robert, and it almost seemed as though he knew she was there. He looked right at her and Mrs. Weintraub had an awful struggle to keep from promising to arrange about the money. Finally her common sense won, and she drifted out of the room, pushing back a wisp of gray hair and fumbling with the button of her best coat.

One of the nicest things about Mrs. Weintraub's visit was that she didn't have to bother about subways. She had always hated them when she was alive, yet had a stern attitude regarding wasting money on cabs. She remembered now how often she had been confused in trying to get to Max's apartment in Washington Heights, and she chuckled when all she had to do now was to think of the address.

For just one second she was afraid she had the wrong place, but then she saw it was merely that the building had been renovated. "And high time, too," Mrs. Weintraub muttered.

Max was thirty-eight and wasn't nearly as efficient as Robert. Part of his trouble was due to having married Mabel, who was a pretty little thing without a grain of sense. Nevertheless Mrs. Weintraub had always loved her, and when she saw her now, sitting in the tiny living room and crying as though her heart would break, Mrs. Weintraub nearly used up all her power and reached over to hug her, but remembered just in time.

MAX was standing by the table, looking very stern. "Don't worry, Mabel," he was saying. "Robert will raise the money some way. He's been the best brother anybody ever had." He laughed bitterly. "It's quite a joke that this is one time Frank could help, and Robert—if Robert would just go to him—but—"

Mrs. Weintraub could see how worried Max was. His eyes were drawn together in a frown, and the scar on his forehead (the one from the time that bad Willard Johnson had cut him) showed white against his flushed skin.

"That's all very well," sobbed Mabel, "but what on earth are we going to do if the firm is bankrupt?"

Mrs. Weintraub was frantic. If papa had the least idea how bad things were, he would—would—she didn't know what he would do! Right then and there she made up her mind she wouldn't tell him a thing when she got back. Not a thing! But she knew it was hopeless. He always wormed the truth out of her.

She clasped her hands anxiously, panic hammering at her mind. She had looked forward so to this visit, but now everything was mixed up— And then Max's words showed her what she must do.

"Personally," Max said, "I'd hate to do it, but the only thing to do is to go to Frank. Lord knows he owes it to us. For years we took care of him, and now he's got this insane notion about money. Why, they wouldn't even miss it!"

Mrs. Weintraub knew then that she must put the thought in Frank's mind to give his brothers what they needed. But where could Frank get hold of money? What on earth had happened? Mabel's words answered the question just as though she had heard it!

"Of course they wouldn't," she said. "Beatrice Drane must have had a hundred thousand in her own name. I must say Frank did mighty well for himself, marrying her."

Mrs. Weintraub nodded. So Frank had married Beatrice Drane! Now, wouldn't that be something to tell papa when she got back! They had teased Frank about running around with that society crowd, and here he was richer than any of them. Still, it would have been nice if he could have amounted to something all by himself.

Max sounded anxious. "There's one thing, though," he said. "The money is hers, after all, not his. You know what a fool Frank is about money so far as Beatrice is concerned. That's what has been the matter with him. He's decided that he mustn't touch a penny of it."

Mabel made an impatient sound by drawing in her lips. "You know perfectly good and well she has been begging him to give up that stupid little business of his and buy into the firm. That's what they've been fighting about."

"I know it," said Max, "but it's the first time Frank has ever stuck to a principle, and I guess he thinks he's doing right. It's a shame he didn't feel that way while mama was alive. If she knew about this it would break her heart." He absent-mindedly fingered a white carnation in his buttonhole, and Mrs. Weintraub thrilled with pleasure when she realized he was wearing it for her. So Maxie, who had always pretended to be so rough, was sentimental enough to wear a carnation for Mother's Day. That was nice!

"Well," Max looked at his wrist watch, "it's a quarter of twelve. There's no use in sitting up all night discussing it. I'll call Frank first thing in the morning, but I know it's hopeless."

That's what *you* say, Mrs. Weintraub thought to herself, but I'll see that Frank gives you and Robert the money! And, remembering the time, she knew she must hurry. She was smiling happily as she went from the room, and managed to get close enough to the white carnation to smell its spicy fragrance.

Mrs. Weintraub remembered the new address of her third son, and then, before she had time to think about it, was in his apartment.

She was disappointed with the place, because, after all, Beatrice Drane had been a very wealthy girl. Frank and Beatrice lived in a little flat on Thirty-fourth, with a fair-sized living room, a small bedroom, and a kitchenette.

When Mrs. Weintraub came in they were already in bed, and she saw that each was pretending to be asleep and that neither was. Frank looked like a child lying there, for all his thirty years. That lock of hair hung down over his right eye just as it always had.

Mrs. Weintraub hated to take her eyes off of him for even one second, because he was her baby, but she did want to get a good look at Beatrice.

Beatrice was beautiful. Really beautiful, just like a movie star or an actress, and the fact that she was crying didn't take one thing away from her looks. Mrs. Weintraub took to her right away.

Then she looked at Frank and saw he was fighting hard to keep tears away from his own eyes. He had the set appearance he had worn as a little boy when something worried him. Once he sobbed, but managed to change it into something that sounded like a cough, and Mrs. Weintraub knew how hurt he was.

Looking at her youngest lying there, Mrs. Weintraub very nearly forgot the purpose of her visit. She was musing about the past, thinking of how thoughtless Frank had always been, of how often he had done the wrong thing, then had come running to her for help; and, peculiarly enough, Beatrice chose just that moment to say what she did.

"It's a shame," she said, trying to sound contemptuous, "that you can't go running to your mother, you big baby! Well, you can't expect any sympathy from *me*, just because you are trying to be noble. You've made enemies of your own brothers, and you make me feel like some sort of ogre. Why do you insist that we live like this

when you could be amounting to something with Robert and Max?"

Frank didn't answer his wife, and Mrs. Weintraub forgot entirely about the other boys when she saw his expression. He was terribly bitter, feeling that every one was against him. He'd be over it by morning probably, but right now he was suffering as a child might, and she wanted so very, very much to comfort him.

"That's the trouble with you," Beatrice continued. "You've always been babied. Your mother always spoiled you. But now, when I want to help you, you try to act like a knight in shining armor. Well—" Her voice trailed off, and Mrs. Weintraub knew Beatrice loved her son but didn't know how easily he could be hurt.

Right now he would be only too glad to do what Beatrice wanted, but was incapable of saying so. He had always been like that, sensitive, but generous and sweet. Why, many a time she had sat up all night waiting for him, wondering if he had been in an accident or something. Then the next day he would promise never to worry her again, only to forget and do it all over!

Mrs. Weintraub knew Frank was just waiting for a show of sympathy and understanding on Beatrice's part. He was bewildered, like a dog that's been bad and needs petting after chastisement. Now was her chance to use her wish, to lean over Frank and tell him the right thing to do. To save him from future misery and set her other boys straight.

Bending toward him, she saw the bitter small-boy look, and every single ounce of mother love in her swept across her soul in a mighty rush. She forgot everything except that he was hurt, and with a little moan she bent closer, softly pressed her lips against his.

No sooner had she done this than the ultimate horror struck her. In this simple spontaneous gesture she had wasted her chance to help her boys! In comforting Frank she had robbed him and the others of happiness. Every one had always said she was a bad mother!

She stepped back from the bed, her hand at her heart. Always papa had warned her about spoiling the boys. That very modern young doctor who attended her right before she died had spoken with the nurse about how inefficiently the household was run—Mrs. Weintraub had heard him because her door was open a little bit.

She never had done the right thing, and now, with this one chance to help her boys in a sensible fashion, what had she done? She had used up the opportunity for one earthly contact to kiss her baby!

The clock on the mantel was whirring in preparation for striking midnight. In just a moment Mother's Day would be over and she would be gone. If there were only some way she could change things! If only she could have another chance! She pressed her hands together nervously, looked at Frank, and saw that he was turning toward Beatrice, his arms reaching out. The kiss he had thought was Beatrice's must have touched the ache in his heart.

"I'm sorry I've been so stubborn, honey," Frank said, "honestly I am. I guess I am spoiled, but I miss mother a lot, and sometimes I feel like if I just had some one to make over me a little—" He paused, and Mrs. Weintraub saw that Beatrice had taken tight hold of Frank's hand, was snuggling closer to him.

"If you really want me to go in with the boys," Frank's tone was contrite, "I won't mind giving up my office." He laughed nervously. "But I warn you, it's going to cost you a lot!"

"Cost me?" Beatrice sounded very happy. "What do we care about money when we've got each other?"

The clock struck twelve then, and little Mrs. Weintraub was out of the apartment. Everything's going to be fine! she thought. And papa needn't ever find out that the only thing I did was to kiss Frank.

She kept repeating this to herself for assurance as she traveled along, knowing that papa always wormed the truth out of her.

THE END



E. G. MORRIS
a Kentuckian, now with a literary agency in New York City, wrote this story as a sincere tribute to the memory of his mother. His stories have appeared in various magazines. He says he was tempted to send a picture of Gable instead of his own, but was afraid of being accused of plagiarism.

The RAILROADS Tell What Is



The other side—A reply to "Senator Wheeler Tells What Is Wrong with Our Railroads," in Liberty last week

BY EARL REEVES

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

they've just done the best job in history, in 1938 operations; and lost \$120,000,000 at it. And they already felt as if they'd been rolling that rock up the mountain for a good many years. Then along comes Senator Burton K. Wheeler, speaking sharply.

In line with Liberty's policy of presenting both sides, I was asked to get the railroads' view on issues raised in the Senator's interview. The answers suggest various reasons why Sisyphus wanted his old job back.

Senator Wheeler compared the railroads to a hypothetical office building located in a neighborhood which had deteriorated, or facing new competition from a more modern building. The comparison, of course, is with railroads which have lost traffic through shifts of industries; and with the new competition of truck, bus, and airplane. If, the Senator then said, he operated that building the way the railroad industry had been run, he'd do such things as these: When some tenants moved out, raise the rent on others; cut the wages of janitors and elevator boys; let the building fall into disrepair; mortgage the

into disrepair, railroad men point out that they took it over again from Uncle Sam—after wartime governmental operation—in a very bad state. Then, that on "improvements and modernization" they spent \$7,500,000,000 in a dozen years, 1923-35. And they'll go on and cite a half-billion-dollar fuel saving in this "building" in a decade; and 40 to 50 per cent improvement in speed of service in fifteen years. And they'll cite plenty more along these lines, and nail it all down with proof.

Though they might just as well make a blanket rebuttal on all disrepair and inefficiency charges by quoting a single sentence from the President's committee which reported recently: "The industry is now providing a service to the public which is more efficient and better adapted to the requirements of business and of government than ever before in its history."

Then there's that assertion about h'isting the mortgage. That "mortgage" (the total of bonds) was upped in the early '20s; not to pay interest but to get a small part of the money spent on improvement and expansion. However, this mortgage has been whacked by nearly two thirds of a billion during the troubled '30s—and, everything considered, that seems almost miraculous.

"Too many people," one railroader lamented, "know too many things about the railroads that just ain't so."

In general about "debt"—the target for so many critical brickbats—here's a railroad explanation:

Starting at the beginning in great-grandfather's day, and through to the postwar period, "we, the people" doubled our demand for transportation every fifteen years. It seems striking that, each time, the railroads were able to double the capacity of their plant. But they literally couldn't do it that frequently out of earnings. So finally, today, we have \$11,250,000,000 in railroad bonds outstanding. This, say critics, means that the railroads are "sick with debt."

Does it? railroaders ask. That's a mortgage on a \$26,000,000,000 property; thus, 44 per cent. And how many million John Q. Citizens of all the Main Streets would be a lot happier today if quite sure that their own mortgages did not represent more than 44 per cent of the value of their homes? Some railroaders, moreover,

A MAN who knows a lot about the railroads made a speech. He talked about Sisyphus, who was sentenced by Zeus to roll a huge rock up a mountain; it would roll down, and he'd roll it up again—through eternity. But it seems he got permission to come down out of mythology and work on the railroads. After some years he quit. On the railroads, he said, he always thought he was doing a good job and getting somewhere; but it always turned out that he wasn't getting anywhere and, besides, everybody was always abusing him. When he was rolling that rock he *knew* he was getting nowhere; so he'd be a lot happier if Zeus would give him his old job back.

I've been finding out why that's a chuckle among railroaders. First off,

property more heavily to pay old interest; and finally, gamble with profits.

This adds up to a rather terrific indictment.

"People will say this analogy is false," the Senator said. Railroad people do say just that.

The railroads prove that their "tenants" pay less "rent." Mr. Freight, who occupies most of the building, now pays 23 per cent less than in 1921; Mr. Passenger pays 39 per cent less. The "janitors and elevator boys" have had about a ten-cents-an-hour raise, or around \$150 a year, in a decade—and a depression decade, at that. The average annual railway employee earning last year was \$1,847, a new high.

As for letting this "building" fall

WRONG with Senator WHEELER

profess bewilderment at the paradox of this "sick with debt" charge being made against them from one official quarter, while in another Uncle Sam is urging hundreds of thousands of John Citizens to undertake 90-per-cent debts in building new homes!

One item in Senator Wheeler's indictment by analogy is left—that about "gambling with profits." That charge usually runs this way: Railroad A bought stock in Railroad B, and now look at the price of that stock and see how money was wasted—gambling!

The answer is, first, that it is by buying in, this way, that "railway consolidation"—which is now a nationally approved policy—comes about. Bigger and more efficient railway systems have grown in that way from the very beginning. But, second, if such "buying in" was in progress when the whole nation went down depression's toboggan slide—and it was: Uncle Sam himself then was urging consolidation—then some of these "buys" look pretty sour today. Some railroad presidents were on the carpet before the President's fact-finding committee about this—and admitted willingly that their "hindsight" was as good as that of their critics.

One low wail that goes up from the railway community is that no critic ever mentions the many "good buys" which benefit alike the railroads and the public they serve. Illustrative examples given: Pennsylvania purchase of Norfolk and Western, Atlantic Coast Line investment in Louisville and Nashville; the Northern Pacific and Great Northern joint purchase of Burlington stock.

The only phase of the Senator's whole "indictment by analogy" now left standing seems to be the altogether reasonable fact that some railroad president couldn't look at 1929 with the eyes of 1939. But who could?

Senator Wheeler opposes federal loans to railroads since, he said, "repayment is rare." Well, during the emergency of war Uncle Sam found it necessary to give the railroads more than a billion-dollar "lift" in loans. The repayments work out at 97.723 per cent—which must be about par on any course. During the longer emergency of depression this kind of help totaled \$825,000,000. This "emergency" doesn't exactly seem ended; but as of December 31, 1938, only 58 per cent of that still remained on Uncle Sam's books.

The Senator says, if the railroads cannot meet their obligations, "put them through the wringer." The railroads' reply is that they do go through. During the depression of the '90s nearly one quarter of the mileage was in receivership; today, nearly one third.

But railroaders do not agree with the ruthless tone of some of this

"wringer" (bankruptcy) talk. Their view is that the public put up the money when the public needed more transportation, and that every effort should be made to protect these investors. Nor do they understand why some charge so many "crimes" against the railroads, when they are in difficulties similar to those nearly everybody else has faced. And they think they haven't done too badly.

Senator Wheeler charged that the railroads are "dizzy with extravagance"; and he proposed vast economies—a million-dollar saving daily.

First, it was charged that the "Pullman monopoly" milks the railroads through rentals that always rise. But the railroads point out that if each had to own all the Pullman equipment needed at peak passenger seasons, that would be very costly. The movement of this equipment from one section of the country to another as needed is a much cheaper way of providing this service.

OTHER charges, and railroad answers, follow:

Leaks through higher prices, because railroads buy rails from steel companies on whose boards some of their own directors sit. But the Clayton Act requires that when such interlocking relations exist, railroads must advertise for bids and give the contract to the lowest bidder.

Waste through lack of standardization in equipment. For many years railroads have been standardizing equipment; and today 187 committees, 1,800 railroad men, continue search for new standardization economies and efficiencies.

Wasteful expenditures during reorganization. All such items must win approval of both the Court and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Indirect rebates and kickbacks by paying higher prices for supplies from those who are big shippers. The only specific charge I can find made to support this dealt with coal. Because mines are such big shippers, it was charged, they were handed more liberal prices for the coal railroads bought. However, when the government took over regulation of the bituminous coal industry, it decided that the railroads were not paying enough for their coal!

The waste of railroad deterioration through payment of money in dividends which should have been spent on maintenance and equipment. Some confess that perhaps that was true, in some cases, at a time when nobody realized we were in for a long depression. Again a case of better hindsight. But the 1930-37 average dividend rate ranged only from 1¼ to 2½ per cent, which does not seem to represent profligate favoritism toward investors.

The save-a-million-a-day case seems to vanish.

Senator Wheeler's constructive suggestions were: 1, Financial reorganization of sick railroads; 2, Co-ordination of railroad service; 3, Extensive consolidations; and, 4, Economy.

As of July, 1938, some 78,016 miles—or 30.98 per cent—of our rail mileage were sick enough to be under the care of Doc Receiver. If 30 per cent of the persons in any community were sick, there would be the keenest interest in hunting for causes and preventing disease from attacking all.

Consolidation and co-ordination are advanced as aids to railway health. Behind that lies a curious story.

Through history all our railway systems grew by a natural, logical process of consolidation; 700 railroads were combined in the Pennsylvania, more than 600 went to make up the New York Central. However, during thirty years, that became wicked—under the antitrust laws. Then, in 1920, when railroads had been war casualties and were in a bad way, the lawmakers "discovered" consolidation. By law, the collective wisdom of the state was to direct, almost compel, grouping of railroads into several great systems. Here was our first grand-scale "national planning." But, even with expert aid, this hurry-up program collapsed.

Then, in the difficult days of 1933, the lawmakers "discovered" co-ordination. By law, then, there was a federal co-ordinator. But his hands were tied by an amendment specifying that in any co-ordination of facilities no employee must be displaced. However, much official exploring was done. Discoveries included the fact that 25,000 miles of track, 700 large bridges, and thousands of stations, freight terminals, and shops already were jointly used by two or more roads. Moreover, committees of railroaders were studying 5,000 additional teamwork projects. But congressional discovery of co-ordination almost halted it until that law lapsed.

Summing up on the Senator's constructive suggestions: Many roads are being reorganized. The railroads are for consolidation and co-ordination. But they think railroaders should plan such unions and teamwork on a careful, practical basis, any such plans being subject to official review. Finally, the railroads are for economy, and are practicing it.

During my inquiries, one rail chief pointed out that every man now heading a railroad grew up with "regulation." Each has known all his life that his every act must stand the acid test of public approval. And, if mistakes were made, they wanted to find and correct them.

Well, why not ask men of that kind—men who know railroading—how to solve "the railroad problem"? Then give them the necessary freedom and support in solving it.

THE END

FORGOTTEN

Lullaby

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

UNTIL Nick Colt walked into her life that summer night, Lizzie Meeks had accepted her loneliness. Accepted it, not resignedly nor yet defiantly, but with quiet inevitability and withdrawal. Like a gnarled tree on a mountaintop Lizzie stood at middle age, isolated, seeing life pass around and below and beyond her, never in any way bringing warmth to where she had her roots.

Lizzie's soft hazel eyes—her only good feature—reflected the tragedy of her homeliness and loneliness. They were eyes that could glow if ever given the chance—fine tender eyes in a squat face whose features were all out of proportion. She was plain in a way almost grotesque. Her hair was straight dusty brown, her nose too small for high cheekbones, her complexion colorless, her mouth thin and compressed because people must not know how much and how often they hurt her. Had Lizzie Meeks lived in a progressive city, she might have capitalized the oddity of her looks. With bangs and short square-cut hair and eye shadows, with a pale make-up, carmine mouth, and clothes that were unique, she might have been a personality. But in a small community she had never been anything but the ugly duckling.

By some cruel irony she alone inherited her father's queer misfit of features. Her three brothers, in whom ugliness would not have been noticed, were handsome. The world did not expect beauty in a man. In a woman, for a curious reason too painful to analyze, to be so different was to be funny. Nature's misfit was counted woman's fault.

And Lizzie Meeks loved beauty. She yearned for it as well water draws down to its flat surface the reflection of foliage, giving back the inverted branches as though they grew from its depths. Ridiculously insignificant things—an edge of sunlight fluted round a leaf, a single star in the crown of early evening, green velvet moss clinging to a boulder by the roadside—these made her pause, made her wonder. Silly inconsequential things to cause so much joy, yet they filled Lizzie's vision with satisfaction that made her forget the reflection she seldom looked at in her glass.

Her parents died within a year of each other, when she was still under twenty. Her brothers married and moved to cities where better business opportunities offered. They made no attempt to contribute to her support, but even if they had Lizzie would have refused. She wanted to work. She wanted desperately some interest to occupy her days.

Her thin sensitive hands had always been swift, apt with the needle. Curtains, clothes, furniture covers, anything needed in the household, they fashioned; and delicate drawn work, hemstitching, embroidery of the finest. Whenever a wedding or a new baby gave her excuse, she spent the long evenings indulging this extravagance of eyes and patience.

At twenty-two, then, she began her campaign for customers. In a front window of the sagging old house which constituted her father's sole legacy appeared a sign: "LIZZIE MEEKS, *Seamstress*. Sewing by the day or at home."

At the start it was uphill striving. There were times when fear of losing the property got her by the throat. She rented out the upstairs rooms to mill hands, keeping the lower floor for herself. Even in the small town cherishing scandal, the fact that Lizzie lived alone there



with three men furnished no food for gossip. To connect Lizzie's name with anything that intimated sex would have been too funny.

For years she went her uneventful way. Housework, whir of sewing machine, the flying needle, fittings. Eventually the mill hands were told to find quarters elsewhere. The house took on white paint and a new dignity. The sign read: "LIZZIE MEEKS, *Dressmaker*." Flanked on either side by dotted-swiss curtains, framed by bright-blue shutters, the white sign looked prosperous.

Lizzie added beauty to her home. A few additional feet of ground at the back supplied a garden where in the early morning hoe, rake, and her never idle hands were active. With no incentive to spend money on herself, she spent it on her surroundings. As the garden prospered, bowls of iris, of sweet peas, of tulips filled the rooms with light, with fragrance. She could wander from one to another, bury her face in the blooms, feel they were part of her. She had caused them to live, had made them grow, helped to create beauty. In so far as her hand had nursed it to fruition, it was in some small way her own.

Then, one night when Lizzie was thirty-five, a weird, an almost unbelievable thing happened. She answered the ring of the bell. Nick Colt stood at the door, smiling the winning smile she remembered when he was a little boy.

"Evening, Miss Meeks. Remember me?"

She nodded, still too amazed for speech.

Secretly, at the age of twelve, Nick had been her idol. She had suffered adolescent agonies when her father shooed the dirty beautiful boy from their side porch for choosing that particular citadel to build mud fortresses. Nick's folks, who lived down the street, had no porch of any kind. And the boy had a way of appropriating what he wanted. He had a disarming smile and an air of helpless charm.



The story of a lonely heart and a strange path to peace

BY RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

crazy. Just coming home every night to four walls. I can't stand it any more!"

She nodded. How well she knew! How completely!

"You're an old friend, Miss Meeks," the pleasant voice went on after a moment. "That's why I took the liberty of coming by to see you. I thought, If there was some one to talk over old times—"

Lizzie nodded again. "I know what you mean. It won't seem like you're all alone, will it?"

"I don't live far from here," he volunteered. "Just around on Maple Street. I rented the second floor of number seven temporarily, expecting to get a little house of our own. The old house was sold, you know."

Lizzie had a faint recollection of overhearing one of her brothers say, "That Colt place is mortgaged up to the hilt. Likely they'll lose it one of these days. Slipshod crew!"

This man showed no signs of shoddiness. His clothes were neat and a snug cut, different from the local bagginess. His hands were well kept. Lizzie hastily calculated his age. . . . About thirty-six. He looked younger.

"If I hadn't found a business opening here I wouldn't stay. But I went in with Lester Allenby, the real-estate man. Put money in a couple of his projects. So I just have to stick around and watch them. Besides, I have my two babies to take care of. One's two and

a half; and the other—the tiny one that cost her mother's life" He stopped and his voice went thick.

Lizzie's heart sent out a rush of sympathy. Two helpless female babies for one bewildered man to look after. "What do you do with them all day long?"

"I've got a hired girl who manages the best she can. But it's tough."

"I should say so."

"Perhaps you'd like to run in sometime, Miss Meeks. They're awfully pretty, and good as gold."

Lizzie shied from the suggestion. The self-consciousness she had always felt in the presence of a child's wide stare, the memory of being the butt of practical jokes at school, the habit of isolation . . . "I don't go out much. I'm kept busy sewing most of the day. And my garden takes up so much time."

"Of course," he put in hastily. "Anybody can tell about the garden. Your flowers are beautiful."

"I like to have flowers around me—" She halted, feeling a sudden surge of embarrassment. Would he think the idea funny?

"They're like children, aren't they?" He proffered it like a soft touch of the hand. "Have to be cared for and tended and loved, or they die." Then he added, "I often pass by and see you at work. Once I stopped at the gate and almost came in."

He was watching her, measuring her from under dropped lids. But Lizzie did not notice the queer veiled concentration of his gaze. She noticed only the tender huskiness of his voice, and felt that he must be grouping his own children with the flowers, longing for a garden in which they could thrive and grow to beauty.

"Come any time you like," she found herself urging with an eagerness that startled her.

Nick Colt gave her his warming smile. "If you'll be

Lizzie stared at the tousled bent heads on her cool white linens. Nick bent, kissed his daughters lightly.

That same smile meeting Lizzie's embarrassment banished it after the first bewildered surprise. She opened the parlor door, lighted the lamps—she had never installed electricity—and the lamp glow fell around him. Lizzie chose a chair in shadow. He was magnificent, a leonine head topped by shaggy gold hair that looked as though no brush on earth could tame it. His eyes were so alive they seemed to transmit a queer bluish light to hers. He was big of chest and shoulders, compelling. He seemed to scoop up the musty air of a room seldom used and like a fresh breeze revitalize the place.

He bent forward in the graceful, ingratiating way of the small boy Lizzie remembered, and began to tell her about himself. He told her how he had come back to the home town after an absence of ten years. As the story unfolded, his hands gripped between his knees. He had brought his lovely young wife and little girl. Six months ago his wife died in childbirth, leaving a baby—another girl.

Lizzie thought, What a pity! Sweet and loved and a mother. So much to live for! And here I am . . . And then she banished the thought.

She stared at Nick Colt out of her shadowed corner, wondering what he was doing here. What could he possibly want of her?

"You must think it queer, me dropping in like this," he said, while his blue eyes apologized for the intrusion. "I'm almost a stranger in this place. My wife and I didn't expect to stay long—a year at the outside. Unexpected business I had to wind up in connection with my folks' estate. As soon as that was taken care of we expected to move to Chicago. We never troubled to make friends. And now she's gone, lonesomeness is driving me

good enough to let me. I remember when I used to sneak around to your side porch without any invitation."

Instantly stiffness vanished, replaced by anecdotes of his trespassing boyhood. Lizzie found a curious comfort in listening. The sound of a man's friendly voice was so new to her that she took in its rhythm without actually taking in what he said. It was like the sudden mounting strains of an organ in a silent church—like the reassuring call from one human to another in the wilderness.

"You won't mind if I take you at your word?" he suggested, on saying good night. "I mean about coming soon again."

In the dim hall, she felt a glow light her eyes and was glad he could not see it.

Before long the tom-toms of gossip beat with the chorus of Lizzie's name. Lizzie Meeks had a regular caller. Funny-looking Lizzie and that handsome Nick Colt! Of all things! What in the name of common sense could he see in her? And his wife dead less than a year.

Lizzie pretended not to know that she had become a subject of discussion. When customers tried to wedge the knife of intimacy into her wall of reserve, to cut a peephole to her private life, no answer—or, at best, a laconic one—sealed up the peephole.

She must guard herself against ridicule. It should not be allowed to rob her of this one, this first, link with another human being.

Nick called several nights a week, sometimes for supper. Silence had been Lizzie's table companion for so long that she had fallen into the habit of snatching a bite, of getting the business of eating over with.

Now the evening meal became a ceremony. Flowers, the garden's most colorful, filled a bowl on the table. Candles flickered at either side. Linens, sewn years ago in the long evenings when other girls were being courted, gleamed under the soft light. Yet there was nothing ludicrous, no trace of coquetry in the way Lizzie welcomed Nick Colt. She thought only that she had found a friend.

"You saved me," he told her once. "My reason—my life. I thought I was going crazy, and I'd have killed myself first."

Lizzie answered with a new softness mellowing the voice which in self-defense had been harsh and crisp. "When you're alone so much all your troubles are exaggerated. Somebody to talk to seems to make everything so much easier."

"You're so sweet, Lizzie. You don't guess how sweet. You never gave yourself a chance to find out."

WHEN he asked her to marry him, she looked up with a swift defensive conviction that he was having his joke at her expense. They were on the porch. A new silver boat of a moon sailed upward from the flower beds. It seemed to sway in a sea of perfume.

"I wonder if you'd marry me, Lizzie."

She was afraid to answer. If he *should* be joking!

"I know a widower with youngsters hasn't much to offer," registered the voice whose sound alone hypnotized her. "These past six weeks have been heaven. I'd like to feel they're just a beginning."

"I'm not young, Nick, and your first wife was so pretty," she found herself saying. "What can you see in me?"

"Beauty much deeper than you dream of," he answered instantly. "A beautiful soul."

He told her then of all he hoped to accomplish. Eventually he wanted to build a house for her and the children . . .

She stiffened, putting on her armor of defense. The children she had never seen—she was afraid to face them. What if they should shut her out? An ugly woman! And babies were instinctively sensitive. What if they should put up the bars of her prison before she found freedom?

His soothing voice murmured on. He hated to ask her to give up this lovely home and live in close quarters—that was the one difficulty.

"Why need it be?" she asked. "Why can't we live here?"

Only after she had spoken did she realize those few words definitely opened the door on the future, closed it on the past. She must face her fear of the children,

must recognize that it was the price of a companionship too dear to sacrifice.

He wanted to be married immediately, though Lizzie felt they should wait. But he fought her on the basis that a few months made no difference. His wife would have wanted their babies to have a mother. As for gossip, did either he or Lizzie care about that?

So persuasive was his gentle argument that after the first breathless protest she found herself swept along, fascinated. Apparently he had made all the arrangements. That did not strike her as strange. He must have guessed how much she loved him. Now that she knew he loved her, she was no longer ashamed to admit it.

They would be married quietly in the neighboring city, he said, a distance of only twenty miles, then come back and begin their life together. They would be married tomorrow.

In a sort of hypnotic wonder, Lizzie was whirled out of her uneventful routine. The drone of dreams sang in her ears, the rhythm of life after long years of death.

She was still moving in dreams as she heard the words that pronounced her a wife. Even the gold band on her finger seemed spun in myth.

HE took her back to her own home. As the door closed and they stood together in the cool fragrant hallway, he swung an arm around her in a gesture that for some reason seemed apologetic. He had not yet kissed her. But Lizzie did not look for kisses. She would no longer be alone. That was the shining promise of marriage.

"You'll be good to the children?" he asked anxiously.

Lizzie's fear found sudden voice. "Will the children be good to me, Nick?"

"How could they help it?"

"I don't know—I don't know—"

"Let's go upstairs and see them."

The hired girl had moved them to the room facing on the garden. They were asleep, the baby in her crib, the other sprawled in awkward grace across the four-poster.

Lizzie stared at the tousled blonde heads on her cool white linens, moist little mouths pressed into her pillows. How strange! How different from anything she had ever expected! How terrifying!

Nick stood at her side for a long time without moving. Then he bent, kissed his daughters lightly, not to wake them, and turned on his heel.

In that moment he seemed to have forgotten completely that this was Lizzie's introduction to her new estate, that his family was now hers. He went down the stairs, deep in thought, as though she no longer existed for him. She followed, touched his arm.

"Nick—"

He turned swiftly with his reassuring smile. "How do you like them?"

"They are sweet."

He patted her hand. Then he bent and kissed her. "I must drop in at the office for a minute. It's four o'clock—just time to run downtown before supper."

She tried to conquer the sense of being shut out.

He picked up his hat, twirled it silently a second.

"You're a fine young woman." The words came low, as if he wanted to say nothing, yet had to speak. "The finest I ever knew." . . . And he was gone without looking back.

At seven thirty Lizzie stood in the doorway. Nick had not come home. He had not telephoned. She stood peering up and down the empty street.

A dozen times she had tried to reach the Allenby real-estate office. There was no answer. The place was closed for the day. Then why didn't Nick come? Why didn't he call her? Suppose he'd been run over. Who would think of letting her know? Nobody knew they were married!

She went indoors. Quarter to eight. There must be some way, some person . . . Mr. Allenby—Nick's partner—of course! She fumbled hastily through the telephone book and found his house number. "This is Lizzie Meeks, Mr. Allenby. Would you mind telling me what time Nick Colt left the office today?"

And casually came the answer: "Colt hasn't been to the office for a week."

Later she had no distinct recollection of how she reached Lester Allenby's home. Her first realization of being there was at the moment her finger pressed the doorbell.

Mr. Allenby received her kindly. An elderly man looking through steel-rimmed spectacles into Lizzie's troubled eyes, he asked what he could do for her.

She sat down, clasped her hands tightly. Her voice came low, controlled: "Mr. Allenby, where is Nick Colt now?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"But he told me this afternoon he was going down to the office."

"He'd have no right there. I kicked him out last week."

Her throat dried like burnt wood.

"Kicked him out?" she said presently. "But wasn't he . . . he *was* your partner, wasn't he?"

"Certainly not! A clerk, that's all. I kept him on in that capacity only because I used to be a friend of the family. Miss Meeks"—frowning, he moved his chair closer—"I hope you haven't loaned him any money."

"No," she answered—and wondered at the sound of mere words—"no, I didn't lend him any money."

"He's a bad egg. You don't find them any more shiftless. When he came back to this town, I didn't want to take him on—I knew the family trait too well. But he had a wife. And another baby coming. I couldn't say no. He was always in debt, always borrowing from me on his pay. A dozen times I've told him to get out. Then his wife—dear little thing she was—would come down and plead with me and I'd let him stay. Often they didn't have a dollar. Broke her heart—that's what he did!"

Lizzie's hands gripped until she felt the bones were cracking.

"Nick has the gift of gab," the man went on, still studying her; "that's why I asked you about the money, Miss Meeks. He can persuade anything out of anybody. And he can't keep away from gambling; shoots pool, shoots crap, plays the ponies—whatever saves him the effort of earning a decent living. I hope you haven't got mixed up with him. Because he told one of the boys at my office yesterday that he was getting out of town for good."

It fell—the blow at last.

"You aren't mixed up with him, are you, Miss Meeks?" the man repeated with a note of sympathy.

"Mixed up with him, Mr. Allenby?" she heard herself answer. "Mixed up with him? I married him this morning."

"Good heaven!" Allenby was on his feet, striding the length of the room and back. "The dog! But why in the world didn't you make inquiries about him before you took such a step? Why didn't you ask me?"

"I didn't think that far. He didn't give me a minute to think. And, Mr. Allenby, I've got his babies at my house now. He'll have to come back for them, won't he?"

The man halted abruptly in front of her. His eyes narrowed. For a long time he said nothing. "So that's it," came at last in a tone pityingly kind. "He married you so that he could dump the responsibility of his brats on your shoulders before he quit town."

"No, Mr. Allenby, no!" She sprang up, eyes stricken. "No! Nick couldn't do a thing so terrible to me."

"Why not? He hasn't a thought for anybody but himself. He never did have."

Lizzie groped back to the moment when Nick had kissed his babies; to her own hurt as she stood at their bedside ignored. Yes, those were kisses of farewell.

Allenby's voice crashed through the fog: "He's made a fool of you. Let me get the police."

A fool of her! A laughingstock! Stuck up in the pillory to be jeered at, sneered at. A woman pitifully funny, as only a homely woman scorned can be.

"They'll find him," Allenby hurried on, "even if he gets as far as Chicago. All they have to do is keep an eye on the gambling joints. They'll bring him back."

And if they did?

"No," she managed; "no, we mustn't do that. I—I couldn't stand it."

"Take my advice, Miss Meeks. You don't want to be tied up to a fellow like Nick Colt, do you?"

"But I am—tied up—"

"I'll ask my lawyer. I'm sure we can prove fraud and have the marriage annulled."

"Oh—could we do it quietly—without anybody finding out? I couldn't bear having people find out."

"I understand. I'll phone you tomorrow."

"But the babies, Mr. Allenby? What about them?"

"You have no responsibility whatever toward his children. Put them in an institution. You'll straighten things out, Miss Meeks. I'll do my utmost to help you. It's an outrage that must be rectified at once."

She thanked him and said good night and walked home through the warm summer evening.

Her wedding night! In one day her life had been made and broken. Why? What reason for it? Hadn't her portion been bitter enough?

She unlocked the door of her silent house. She did not go near the dining room with its table set for two, its flowers, candles, fine linen.

She mounted the stairs, started across the hall to her room. There would be no sleep. Just long hours during which the habit of aloneness must again be adjusted. Hours when she must make herself realize that she must always stand alone.

A sound came from the adjoining room; the wail of a small tired voice. She went in and found the occupant of the crib wide awake. An empty milk bottle lay on the pillow. The hired girl had gone home.

In swift uncertain panic, Lizzie took the bottle downstairs, refilled it. But food was not what the young lady desired. She continued to screw up her round wet eyes and yell.

Lizzie lighted a lamp, looked about helplessly. The vocal activities had wakened the older child.

Sitting up in bed, her yellow head a tangle of curls, she blinked at Lizzie with sleepy eyes the color of bluebells. They went wide at last, filled with curiosity.

Lizzie hesitated, then moved around to the side of the crib and awkwardly picked up the crying infant. The sobs grew less violent; the silky head snuggled down, and with a sort of wonder Lizzie felt the human warmth against her.

In a few minutes the baby relaxed and slept. Lizzie laid it in the crib. She started from the room. The little girl scrambled along the bed to the footboard, still staring with wide blue eyes.

Lizzie approached the footboard, leaned across it. Woman and child studied each other in odd uncertainty. Then the child's moist lips parted and at the corners dimples appeared. With the wisdom which knows no hurdles of superficial reasoning, two small arms reached upward. Lizzie bent down. The arms met around her neck.

Lizzie Meeks drew the child against her. From the lips pressed to her neck came a contented sigh. Lizzie's eyes shut hotly. It couldn't be true that any human being actually wanted to be close to her. Her hand crept over the rumpled gold head, scarcely touching it. The little girl gave another sigh. Her arms clung tighter. How long had it been since those arms felt love? How long would it be before they felt love again?

Lizzie stood for a long time without moving. Was it just accident that they had drifted her way? Unpiloted little ships thrust from their moorings. Tomorrow they would be pushed off again into a stormy sea. To end where—how? An institution? Wreckage?

These babies bound to her by the tie of loneliness were her gift if she chose to take them. Something to build her life around.

New glorious vitality passed through her, as if a fountain had sprung to life, sending a sparkle through her veins. It was like all the joy she had never known.

She moved to a chair, holding the weight with swift possessive tenderness. And as she sank down, a fragment of forgotten lullaby murmured from her lips.

THE END



RITA WEIMAN

began writing as a schoolgirl, and had her first book published in 1923. For a time she was on the New York Herald, but resigned to devote herself to fiction and plays. She is a Philadelphian by birth and a New Yorker by adoption.

FILTHY RICH

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

JIM WAYNE, a young aviator from the Canadian North, sees the lovely Mimi Jamieson for the first time in four years when he accepts her father's invitation to visit them in Oakville, Ontario. Old Rob Jamieson, who has made a fortune from his gold mines, is devoted to Jim and hopes that he will marry Mimi and take her away from the fast set she runs with.

Jim, however, is shocked at the change in the girl whose image he has cherished in his heart. Mimi, although more beautiful at twenty than she was at sixteen, is cheap, shallow, and spoiled. Her friends are wild and undisciplined, and Count Otto von Ungemach, the Austrian who wants to marry her, is a smooth, cold-eyed man whom Jim mistrusts at sight.

Disgusted, Jim decides to leave for the North at once. But before he can get away Mimi, a little drunk, and crying that she loves storms, rushes out into the night and dashes to her airplane. Jim follows, jumps in just as she is about to take off, and seizes control. Refusing Mimi's demand that he land at once, he flies to the Toronto airport, where his own plane is waiting. There he transfers the protesting damsel to his ship and heads northward.

PART TWO—A BREAK FOR FREEDOM

THE dawn sky, just turning saffron and peach color, was shining clear after the storm of the night before. Through its paling expanse Jim Wayne's plane, his Chasse-Galerie, winged as swift and dark as the Indian flying-ghost canoe for which it was named. The whole northern forest world, across which the plane's shadow flicked, lay as yet half asleep, shrouded in green morning twilight, in peace.

But there was no peace in the plane. Jim's jaw was set, his eyes steely. He was telling himself for the hundredth time that he was all kinds of a fool to do what he was doing—kidnaping Mimi Jamieson! But he was also telling himself that he was going through with it if it was the last thing he did on earth! She was spoiled, impossible, seven times a brat, and he despised her; but he wasn't going to let her dance straight to hell just for want of some one to step in and apply strong-arm methods! Yes, he'd do this much for poor old Rob Jamieson, even if he never would go to Chicago and become the old man's assistant and—possibly—his son-in-law. Lord, not all the money or power in the world could interest him, Jim, in marrying this shallow, cheap society darling who now slept tearfully at his side!

Mimi's tousled red-gold head slipped down against his shoulder. He pushed her away—carefully, so as not to wake her, and he pulled his hunting jacket across her bare arms and low-cut dress. Then he wrenched his eyes away from her sleeping beauty. His young visionary love for her was completely dead, but he still couldn't kill his appreciation of her exquisiteness. What a pity! What waste! Yes, impossible as she was, just her sheer

physical loveliness—with not an ounce of sense or soul behind it—was still too good to be lost, either on the kind of person she was rapidly becoming, or on the Count Otto von Ungemach.

Jim chuckled grimly—what lay ahead of Mimi now would either kill or cure her!

As if in answer to the threat in Jim's thoughts, Mimi stirred, opened heavily lashed eyes, stared at him sleepily, uncomprehendingly; then, realizing where she was and why, she sat bolt upright. "Jim Wayne! Where the hell are you taking me?"

"When we get there," Jim said tersely, looking straight out at the horizon, "I'm going to wash your mouth with yellow soap every time you swear."

Mimi shrugged. "Kidnapér turns Sunday-school teacher! Besides, hell went out as a swear before I conquered diapers! Have you a comb?" She ran her fingers through the tumbled glory of her hair.

"Where we're going, no one'll care how your hair looks."

"But, Jamie darling"—he hated the way she called him Jamie, making fun of the way her father did it—"Jamie, you precious, ducky cave man, *you'll* be there, won't you?" She leaned against him. She was angry, sleepy, hang-overish, but sure of her weapons.

"Sometimes," Jim said, moving away from her bare shoulder. "Some days I'll be there and some I won't. Look, Mimi." He turned his eyes on her, but they were cold eyes. "Get this straight. I'm not kidnaping you because your female charms are irresistible. I don't want you. And as far as ransom money goes—I wouldn't take a red cent for you from that grand old man of yours, no matter how he offered it."

Mimi cried in exasperation, "Then, for howling out loud, why are you doing whatever you're doing? And when do we turn back so I can get to Chicago in time for—"

"We don't turn back," interrupted Jim. "You might as well forget Chicago for some time. As to why I'm



ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER

Adventure, 1939—Don't miss this high-speed romance! A swift, thrilling tale of a golden girl, a rash young man, and a wilderness battle of wits

doing this—say I'm a missionary at heart, a—as you've already put it—Sunday-school teacher."

"As far as I'm concerned," Mimi snapped, wrapping the hunting jacket about her, "you're a sadistic maniac!"

Jim glanced at her. "You aren't going to start weeping again, are you? You were wetter than the storm last night."

"I was tight," she explained stiffly. "I never cry when sober." She leaned over, brought her flushed, lovely face down practically under his. "Fun's fun and a joke's a joke, but this has gone far enough. You turn back at once!"

Jim gave no sign that he had heard. He was completely absorbed in studying the terrain of now sun-flooded woods, lakes, and muskeg below.

Mimi bit her lip. "This is silly—and pretty boring cheap theater, if you ask me!" she remarked.

"Nobody asked you," Jim commented, as he slid the plane into a sickening sidewise descent that made Mimi clutch her already none-too-steady stomach. "Sorry," he apologized. "Up here we take our landings when we find them. And I'm experimenting without the pontoons." He leveled the ship to rest on a rough but obviously man-cleared field. "This is one of the emergency fields I laid out; we've a hundred and fourteen of them from Halifax to Vancouver. I've a gas cache here. Want to stretch your legs while I check things?"

Mimi wrenched the door open, jumped out of the plane. She knew she made a ludicrous figure, there in the bright morning sunlight, in her rumpled net evening dress and Jim's dirty leather jacket. She also knew, before she had run three steps, that high-heeled silver slippers were the worst possible kind of gear for a forest getaway.

But to throw off those slippers would be an admission of weakness. And in spite of her hang-over from the party, and her so-far futile fury against Jim, any admission of weakness was the last thing she'd make. She would, however, make him plenty of trouble! She'd disappear into those green underbrushy woods! She was running in a stumbling stilted fashion now, holding her trailing skirts high and half chuckling, half sobbing under her breath. She'd show him! After all, she was Mimi Jamieson, and things like this didn't happen to her—not without a lot of trouble for any one who was cocky enough to think he could get away with—

Mimi caught her heel in a root, fell forward on her face, swore, and got up again. The woods were very still and aloof—as though they'd been there forever and didn't give a hoot what happened to her. And there was a smell—earthy, mossy, pungent—and a green-gold light making the place look like an eerie night club.

The second time Mimi fell she decided to stop running. "I'll hide in these bushes," she told herself. "And I'll let him holler his head off!" She pushed through the shoulder-high growth, came on a natural clearing spattered by sunlight and gay with low-growing spring flowers. Mimi dropped on to the bleached gray trunk of a long-dead tree. "I'd give my all for a comb and a compact," she bewailed aloud. Then she started, stamped her foot in annoyance—for she heard the unmistakable crackling of twigs and branches that could only be caused by heavy approaching footsteps. "He's found me!"

She twisted her bright head about, glared sulkily at

An Indian was wading shin-deep in the water, huge hand outstretched to guide the skiff.



the wall of bushes, which were now parting. Then she screamed—so loudly, shrilly, that the young bear stood momentarily frozen in his tracks. He peered at her through beady bright eyes, sniffed, dropped to all fours, and broke into a rollicking, rolling canter.

But Mimi had leaped into a canter before he had. She duplicated the record she had made in school; in fact, she just about equaled the all-time high for female broken-field running.

Jim looked up and laughed when he saw her coming. But he stopped laughing, seized his gun from the open door of the plane when he realized the nature of her runner-up in this race. And he let the bruin have it—three shots that felled him. "Get in the plane," Jim called to Mimi. "This one's mother will be along any minute, and I haven't any use for her." He picked up the sagging furred carcass, stowed it in back.

"Why bring him?" Mimi demanded, trying to be nonchalant in spite of her trembling, as Jim once again lifted the plane from the ground and headed north.

"Because you're going to cure his skin and make a rug—as a Christmas present for your father."

"Christmas is a long way away."

"You'll get used to timelessness in the North."

Mimi studied his profile in elaborate silence, then announced firmly, "I know! You're crazy! It isn't exactly paranoia, but it's something similar. You think you're like Napoleon, or Robin Hood or Claude Duval—"

He didn't answer and Mimi buried her chin in the collar of the jacket—a gesture that flounced her red hair up into an angry ruff about her head. She retired into absolute silence. Which she maintained even when they eventually circled over a shining lake, looped lower and lower about a jewel-like green island, and then—pontoons now in place—skimmed down to the lake's surface, touched, settled on it caressingly.

"Home," Jim announced, dropping a skiff from its traveling place under one of the wings.

AND now Mimi showed interest, great interest. Because she saw on the shore of the island crowds of brightly clad figures waving welcome. Behind them she could see racks with what looked to be hundreds of fish drying in the wind, and farther inshore a group of tents and shacks. And still farther—up toward the other end of the island, on very high ground and practically hidden in mammoth dark fir trees—she caught a glimpse of a big log cabin.

But Mimi wasn't interested in log cabins or wild island beauty or fierce lonely peace—she was interested right now in people, particularly in the ones chorusing friendly sounds as Jim rowed her in the skiff to the white brief beach. "Just let me get a word to any one of those men," she told herself, blinking in the dazzling light of sun on dancing water, "and I can make terms that'll get me away from here before Jim can even—"

"Get out. Let him carry you," Jim called to her in the same breath that he used to give a lot of unintelligible orders to an Indian whom he addressed as "Gewgewsh" and who was wading shin-deep in the water, huge mahogany hand outstretched to guide the light skiff.

Mimi gasped. The Indian flashed white teeth in a lean red face, opened his arms, and Mimi felt herself being swung shoreward. For an instant she smelled the musty choking smell of Indian; then, when her feet hit the beach and she stood alone, she smelled pines and spruce and high spring wind from over water.

But the relief that her nose enjoyed was the only relief she experienced. For, looking about her at the grinning, bobbing circle of entirely redskin faces, she realized sinkingly that bear cubs would be about as receptive to reason! She sensed this especially when Jim—before whom the whole mob waved and kowtowed as though he were a big chief—told them something she couldn't understand and they all backed violently away, rolling their eyes and muttering in horror.

Jim motioned Mimi to follow him up the path toward the cabin. "I explained to my Indians," he enlightened her, "that you are dangerously insane; that I've brought you here to cure you. They fear insanity more than anything on earth. So, if I were you, I wouldn't try to do

any business with them. They won't touch you unless you try something dumb."

Mimi's exasperated exclamation was lost in a called question from the Indian named Gewgewsh. He, as well as many of the others, was following them at a safe distance up the wood path. Jim shouted a jovial answer; interpreted to Mimi, "The Indians want to know if you're a widow, because your hair is cut. I told them I cut it to keep you from hanging yourself."

Now Mimi did scream, a long, angry, exasperated cry. And she ran, tripping over roots, hummocks, clumps of fern and flowers, until she reached the cleared space before the cabin. She caught her breath there, hesitated for the fraction of a minute, then bolted into the log house. Had there been a hook or lock on the door, or had any of the weighty primitive furniture in the interior looked light enough for her to move, she would have barricaded the entrance. But everything inside—the elephantine center table, the rustic chairs, the bunk, even the gleaming white and coffee-colored pelts hanging on the walls, looked as though they'd been there forever and would continue to be—undisturbed.

Mimi stalked about the cabin, limping unconcernedly—as one of her evening slippers had a crack in the heel.

Jim scarcely looked at her as he entered, followed by Gewgewsh and two other Indians carrying luggage. But he spoke to her tersely: "I'll give you moccasins; you'll never get around on those silly shoes. Also, if I were you, I'd try to act as quiet and sane as possible. If you make scenes, you'll only alarm the Indians."

Mimi glared at him from under her mop of hair, and asked in cold restrained tones, "Where's my room?"

Jim spread his long arms. "This is it. Oh, don't look shocked—I'm taking the lean-to! Although why I should—"

"Where's the bath?"

Grinning, he pointed to the lake, then he busied himself with his henchmen, sorting the supplies, giving instructions as to other boxes and cartons that still more Indians dumped into the doorway.

Mimi started to crawl into the semi-enclosed bunk; but Jim was swiftly at her side. Before she could see what he was doing, he had reached in and torn certain pictures from the rough walls.

"Feelthy pictures?" she asked maliciously.

He looked at her a minute, then nodded. "I'm afraid so. Yes, filthy pictures."

SHE laughed jeeringly as she lay down on the bunk and turned her face to the wall, pulling a snow-white robe of woven rabbitskin strips up over her shoulders. "I'm on a lie-down strike from here on out," she announced.

"No lunch?" he questioned.

"I should say not."

Jim made no further suggestion. He merely drew together the bunk curtains and went about his business, moving neither noisily nor yet too quietly in and out of the cabin.

Three, four, possibly more hours passed. Mimi alternately dozed or, awake, held herself determinedly silent in a mood of furious suspense. Then, when sunlight no longer streamed through the slits in the curtains, and when a kind of bird-twittering sweet lull seemed to pervade the place, she raised herself on her elbow and peeked into the room. She was just in time to see Jim enter the open doorway, wipe his forehead, and stand staring off toward the sunset that showed through the trees and across the lake.

Jim looked tired and, strangely enough, sad. "He should be, the lunk!" Mimi told herself smugly, as she prepared to settle down for another lap on her lie-down marathon. Not that it was easy now—she was bored and almost incredibly hungry. And scarcely had she adjusted her head on the pillowless bunk when an odor more appetizing than anything she had smelled in the top caravanseries of the world wafted into the cabin and tantalized her nostrils almost beyond endurance.

"Mulligan stew," Jim called, seeing the curtains of the bunk part slightly. "Tool Doodle, Gewgewsh's brother, makes it."

Jim accepted the steaming (Continued on page 22)

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(Continued from page 20) fragrant pot from an Indian in the clearing before the door, brought it inside and deposited it on the hearth. As he dished out a bowlful, he continued, "It's made of partridge, rabbit, fish, pork, onions, beans, rice, potatoes. Also I have here a fresh new loaf of old Nishima's sourdough bread." He ripped off a piece with a crusty, crispy sound and began to chew it as he laced into the stew. "You'd better join me," he advised in the face of her continued silence. "Because from tomorrow on you're going to do the cooking, and Lord knows, therefore, when we'll get anything as palatable as this in our wigwam!"

Mimi silently, fiercely kicked against the rabbitskin robe, ripping a hole in it; but for the first time in her self-indulgent life she was tempted and didn't succumb. She lay in the bunk, hearing the regular sound of Jim's spoon in the bowl, smelling the savory fragrance of a soup that equals bouillabaisse. At last, long after Jim had finished, had lighted a lamp, and was bending over something that looked like a map on the table, she stuck her head out between the curtains and stated, "I won't eat, but I could use a drink."

Jim lifted his fair head. "No, you couldn't use a drink," he contradicted. "You're on the wagon."

"I hate you!" she screamed, again whipping the curtains closed.

"Mutual," he agreed, staring bleakly at those swaying bits of cloth—behind which for so many nights, for so many years, he had dreamed of this same but different Mimi Jamieson. "And now," he called briskly, pulling himself together, "I'm going out to feed the dogs. If you'll just wash up these dishes—"

"I'll do nothing of the sort!"

"Mimi," Jim said quietly, speaking as one speaks to a sick child, "you don't seem to understand the set-up here. We're on a practically impregnable island a million miles from nowhere as far as your communication with the world goes, or as far as any one's finding you. We're on an island where, in a simple way, I'm boss. It's time you learned to do a few useful things. My Indians think you're fey—dangerous; they won't come in here and work as they used to. It's better that way; that's one reason why I told them of your—infirmity. So you're going to do whatever work is necessary in the cabin. And I advise you to start now with these dishes. If you don't wash them fairly soon, I warn you you'll be sorry."

MIMI'S answer was a bar of derisive humming as Jim strode into the twilight. And when he returned, she was still singing. She continued to do so, loudly, gaily, while he brought in wood and fixed the fire—necessary now in the chill of the May night.

"'Buck, buck, bucket, he kicked the bucket, and ole man Mose is daid,'" she chanted, almost lightheaded now with hunger, but also as set of purpose as old Rob Jamieson would have been.

"Tomorrow," Jim said, "I'll show you how to dress the bearskin. I had Gewgewsh skin the carcass for you."

"White of you," she commented.

"Don't mention it!" Jim sat down and bent over his map and tried to be utterly absorbed in his calculations. He should have been excited about the possibility it offered and about the search for gold that he planned to prepare for on the next day. But tonight he couldn't keep his mind on gold. Tonight was like a strange continuation of the nightmare that had started with Mimi's careless drunken kiss back at the Oakville birthday party. Why had he brought her here? What madness! Had he told the Indians that Mimi was crazy? Well, *he* was the crazy one!

The bunk curtains swayed; Mimi appeared. "I'm going out," she announced.

"Wear those moccasins." He pointed to a small new pair that had mysteriously appeared beside the bunk. "And you'd better put my parka on; the mosquitoes will eat you alive."

She tossed her head. "I don't like moccasins, and I don't want anything of yours!" She hurried out—limping on her broken slipper. But when she reached the edge of the clearing, to stand looking down on the dark shining lake, she wished she had followed Jim's advice about

the coat, for not only were there mosquitoes but the night had turned bitter cold.

Too proud to go back, she stood rubbing her arms and humming to herself. She had to admit that the scene before her was beautiful. Black trees, glimmering water, sapphire sky, and in the north the ever-deepening color bands of the aurora borealis. It was a dream setting—for a very bad dream—an unbelievably bad one! Things didn't happen like this to girls today. But with brutes like Jim Wayne, anything might happen! Well, she'd get even with him if she died in the attempt!

She realized suddenly that the mosquitoes were biting her actually in droves. Slapping at them futilely, she fled into the cabin, crawled into the bunk again, and switched the curtains closed. Soon she heard Jim fix the fire for the night, blow out the lamp, and go to his lean-to. She lay there listening—for hours, it seemed—to the stillness, stillness finally broken by a bloodcurdling howl of a Husky dog. Mimi shuddered. Then she heard another dog and another. Nothing seemed to happen; just their continued howling—the music of the North.

Mimi stood it as long as she could, then—driven almost crazy—she jumped up and began to prowl about the cabin in her stocking feet. She went to Jim's door, listened intently. No stirring inside. Maybe he was asleep. Gently she lifted the primitive latch. It was totally dark in the lean-to, but the firelight from the doorway fell on Jim's clothes hung on a peg. Mimi's eyes danced. Cautiously she searched his pockets until her fingers closed over his keys. She smiled triumphantly. Wouldn't he be surprised when he woke up to hear his Chasse-Galerie humming southward over his head!

FEARLESSLY she made the dark journey down to the plane's mooring—or almost fearlessly. She refused to let herself peer beyond the black trees and think what might be lurking there. Her bravery was rewarded, for she made the little beach, found the skiff, an oar, and, after a few swift strokes, reached the plane and climbed into the cabin. Then, thanking her lucky star that she had several times flown a seaplane, she fitted the key into the motor. Triumph! Good-by, Jim, smarty-pants! She pressed the starter.

A choking unnatural noise was the only answer! And then Mimi heard something else. From the beach Jim's voice called, "I wouldn't try it if I were you, Mimi. I drained the oil; putting fresh in tomorrow."

"Oh, you—*you*—!" Mimi was speechless with anger and disappointment; also she was near tears. Silently she climbed out of the plane, rowed back to shore, refused Jim's assistance in getting out of the boat, and—to show her unconcern—marched ahead of him, whistling loudly.

She was startled nearly to death when an Indian leaped from the bushes practically at her elbow, spoke to Jim, and vanished.

"He said," Jim explained, "that I should tell the madwoman never to whistle in the face of aurora; if you do, the souls of the dead will hear and rush down through those open gateways and shrivel you up!"

"I might as well be shriveled up as the way I am now! I've never heard of anything as ridiculous as this performance of yours in all my life!"

"Ever read *The Taming of the Shrew*?"

In wordless fury, Mimi stalked into the cabin, where the angry buzz of a swarm of bulldog flies wheeling over the unwashed dishes greeted her.

"I told you you had better wash those dishes," Jim said laconically. "Good night."

The sound of his closing the lean-to door was swallowed up in the crash that the dishes made as Mimi hurled them out into the clearing. Then she turned back into the room and, overcome by pangs of hunger, took a piece of cold rabbit from the stew kettle and popped it into her mouth. Too late she realized to her horror that flies were also on that. This was too much! Now she did burst into tears, and, sobbing, she lifted the kettle from the hearth and threw it outdoors too. Then she retreated into bed.

But the nightmare was not over. Scarcely had she got herself settled in the bunk when the howling of the Huskies became a mad chorus, accompanied by sounds of leaping and crashing and then the unmistakable

noise of chains being broken. The insane barking came nearer, and Mimi heard heavy bodies smashing against the cabin door as the dogs snarled and danced and fought there over the succulent meat. Not often did they get a chance at mulligan stew! The fight seemed endless, and the cries of the dogs—in pain as well as food lust—unbearable. In reality they were at it only a couple of minutes before Jim rushed through the cabin, a huge club in his hand. He slammed the door fiercely behind him, but Mimi could hear him beating the dogs, hear their angry and finally subsiding sullen snarls.

As Indians led the conquered dogs back to their broken pen, Jim re-entered the cabin.

"You're a beast!" Mimi blazed, parting her curtains. "But of course a man who'll hit a girl and knock her out will beat a dog!"

"Those dogs," Jim explained coldly, wearily, "are more than half wolf. If I hadn't beaten them, they would have slit each other's throats. I've seen dogs kill for less than mulligan stew. Now you know why I beat them. And if some one doesn't beat *you*, you'll kill your own soul—what little of it is still left."

"Oh-h-h!" Mimi jumped to the floor, rushed at him, flailing him with her fists.

But the silhouette of an Indian appeared in the window, and swift guttural warning was called.

"It's all right, Gewgewsh," Jim soothed, pinioning Mimi's arms at her sides. "My self-appointed bodyguard suggests that the only sensible way, the Indian way, to treat lunatics is to tie them to a tree and leave them to die. It's an idea." So saying, he carried Mimi to the bunk, threw her down, covered her with blankets, and tied her with long caribou thongs. "Now stay there and let me sleep! I've got important work to do tomorrow, very, very important!"

HUNDREDS of miles south of Jim Wayne's Lone Island, on a sleeper going to Chicago, old Rob Jamieson lay, smiling to himself. "Didn't I say the boy had guts? But," he thought, ruefully, "I've got to think up some verra satisfactory explanation for the family. Ah, weel, I'll settle that tomorrow."

AND not so many miles south of Jim's Lone Island, Count Otto, trim and military-looking in his flying togs, talked to a guide over the embers of his campfire. On the dark waters of the near-by lake an amphibian floated. There was no trace of the fortune-hunting playboy about Otto now. His eye was shrewd, alert, his bearing assured, businesslike. "We'll find Wayne's place tomorrow."

Will Mimi accept her fate, or will she somehow trick Jim and make a getaway? Has Otto come north to rescue her, or is he on some mysterious business of his own? Follow this exciting new romance next week.



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A REMINDER TO TRY P. A.

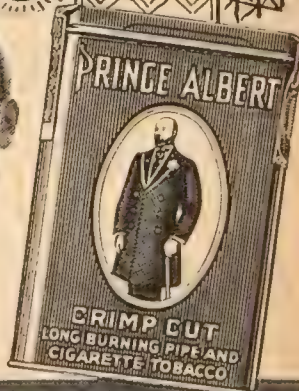
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FIVE HOLLYWOOD DAUGHTERS



The five Lanes and their mother try out a song at their home in Indianola, Iowa.

BY CORA B. LANE

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

AT seventeen, when I was working on my brother's newspaper in Indiana, I had one ambition: To become a big-city reporter.

So I married and became a small-town housewife. In the course of time, mother of five girls: Leota, Martha, Lola, Rosemary, and Priscilla.

"If you'd just adopt four children," Rosemary suggested once, very hopefully, "we'd have a baseball team!"

But we had plenty of problems without worrying about full-sized teams. Indianola, Iowa, where we lived, was the typical insular American town. Thirty-five hundred inhabitants in the heart of the corn belt. We had our county fairs, church bazaars, our rigid moral principles and even more rigid prejudices. (I'll never forget the furor it created when I first put the girls in basketball bloomers!)

We also had a singular advantage. The best conservatory of music in the state, Simpson College, was located in Indianola. The air was charged with Beethoven sonatas, Bach fugues. Even the iceman whistled arias.

But I don't know how our family would have managed

a piano if Leota hadn't won it. Money was disturbingly scarce. My husband was a dentist, and Iowans are noted for their excellent teeth. So there were times when we wondered where the next penny was coming from. To get that piano, Leota went all over town gathering coupons for some mail-order house.

In order to get other things for the children, I rented rooms to girl students. An easy enough matter, since we had a rambling old-fashioned house of sixteen rooms. Out of that extra change came bicycles for the youngsters, the trapeze in the back yard—and the music lessons.

I wanted two things for those girls of mine. First of all, I wanted them healthy, to love outdoor games and sports. Even during the four and a half years that Rosemary and Priscilla were with Fred Waring's band, I tried to find places where they could exercise in each city. And the older girls have kept it up no matter where they went.

My second hope was that each of the girls would excel in something, because I didn't have that chance. They had every opportunity to study music. "But money comes too hard to waste on lessons," I explained to them, "if you're not going to apply yourselves." If they wanted anything, they learned to work for it.

We used to have what the girls jokingly called "kitchen conferences." And we discussed everything from soccer to skirt hems. Once, I remember, we were having a lively debate about boys, when Rosemary, too young to be interested, punctuated it with a scream. She had fallen in the flour bin!

On Saturdays I did nothing but cook. Chickens, huge pans of baked beans, fudge cake. . . . Then, on Sundays, all the young crowd gathered around our table. Home has to be fun if you want to keep the youngsters in it. As the girls grew older they brought their boy friends to the house as a matter of course. I well recall Martha's first beau. Martha, with her poetry and books, was the literary light of the family, and she nearly dazzled the poor boy by such gems of verse as

I wish you were a cup of tea,
So I could pour you down the sink!

If they began going with the Wrong Boy, I'd encourage them to bring him home until they were tired of him. It worked every time.

Last summer, when Lola, Rosemary, and Priscilla were working in the picture *Four Daughters*, they used to come home chuckling. "Why, mother, all these funny homey things we're supposed to do—pillow fighting, borrowing each other's clothes, having jam sessions in each other's rooms—that's really us!" And it was.

I knew that if I could teach them to like the simple, small things in life, the big things would take care of themselves. Just the other day Priscilla, or Pat as the girls call her, came home from the studio after doing what I believe they call "dress shots"—wearing an elaborate gown and furs in some sophisticated nightclub scene. After a while we missed her. I went outside to look, and there was Pat in old slacks, with a great smudge of white on her face, painting the picket fence. "This," she announced, "is the most sport I've had in years!"

and a PRAYER

It was Leota, being the eldest, who inevitably was the pioneer. She began singing at Chautauquas and conventions throughout the state. But none of us thought of the stage. Not until the new voice teacher came to Simpson College from New York and asked to see me. "Have you any objections to the theater?" he queried. "Because your daughter would succeed there."

The theater . . . I had loved it all my life, but in Indianola it was not only frowned upon—it was all bound up with cloven hoofs and brimstone. Even after the teacher's suggestion, perhaps nothing would have come of the idea if Leota hadn't gone into Des Moines on that particular Tuesday morning with her chum, Alice McIntyre. Alice's cousin owned a flower shop, and while the girls were there Gus Edwards came in for one of the white carnations he always wore in his buttonhole.

"You should hear this girl sing," the florist told him, indicating Leota.

"No time like the present," said Mr. Edwards. "Have you a piano?" And that's how it happened.

Leota ran all the way home from the bus station waving a contract. But it meant leaving for New York—Broadway. She couldn't go alone, and it was impossible for me to leave the younger children just then. In the end it was arranged that Lola should accompany her. They had been singing duets together and Gus Edwards readily agreed to engage them both.

Indianola was aghast. What was I thinking of, letting the girls go East alone?

"I'm thinking of their future," I said. "I feel I can trust them as well in New York as in Iowa!" Uppermost in my mind has always been the idea that if you're particular enough in the way you bring up children in the beginning, you won't have to worry about them later.

Two weeks after Leota and Lola left, a telegram arrived: "Assigned leads in Greenwich Village Follies. Hurray! Can you send us fudge cake?" It was signed "The Lane Sisters." Gus Edwards hadn't favored the family name of Mullican, so he had changed it to Lane. Since then all of us have adopted it.

The greatest event of my life was when they sent for me, and I sat in a box and watched the two of them come out on the stage. When the last curtain fell, they bundled me excitedly into their dressing room. "It's a good thing you taught us to *think* we could do anything other people could," they chortled at me. "Because when the star was taken ill we had to learn her whole dance routine in eighteen hours!" And then, seriously, with that this-is-big-family-business look, they said, "Mother, you'd better see that Rosemary and Pat begin dancing lessons right away. You have no idea how important it is in this work."

I went back slightly bewildered and happy and terribly proud.

It was curious, the way each of the girls branched out in her own particular field after that. Martha, for instance, began quietly selling her verses to national magazines. Then a young English instructor came to the college fresh from travels in Egypt. They married. Now Martha divides her time between her typewriter and mixing food formulas for the absorbing young person who is the first grandchild in the family.

Leota wanted to sing in grand opera. From the time she produced Carmen in the back yard, she has had that dream. The money she earned in musical comedies, all her work at the Juilliard School of Music, where she subsequently won a scholarship, have been toward the fulfillment of it. This spring it will partially come true when she has an audition at the Metropolitan.

Lola, on the other hand, preferred drama. While Rosemary was the lively one, the game-getter-upper, it was Lola who dramatized even my trips to the five-and-ten. It wasn't extraordinary that after she went East she continued it. She played in The War-Song with George Jessel, and one morning we received a wire stating that she had been signed to a Hollywood contract.

Rosemary and Pat promptly told the town. And Indianola turned out in force to see her first picture, Speakeasy. They ran a special car to Des Moines for the purpose. But the trip had a strange effect on Pat.

Not long afterward Indianola was having its county fair, inaugurated with a parade the whole length of Main Street. I was too busy to watch it, but in a few moments the phone began ringing. "Have you seen Pat?" the neighbors chuckled. "She's in the parade!"

I hurried downtown. At the tag end of the procession rode my youngest daughter on her bicycle. She had trimmed it with crepe paper and she was ducking her head from right to left. "I'm Leota and Lola Lane's sister!" Bow. "I'm Leota and Lola Lane's sister!"

The town was in spasms. And I imagine it had another convulsion of sorts when Rosemary began playing at the Epworth League meetings on Sunday night in beaded gowns from Hollywood!

Family reunions two or three times a year in New York became the program. I would go on from Iowa with the two little girls, and Lola would come from California, and we'd have the sequel to the "kitchen conferences" in Leota's apartment. Part of the fun for the younger ones was raiding their sisters' trunks and "dressing up." "This is Lola at the ball," Rosemary would say, sweeping into the room—and little realizing that one day she would be imitating Lola on the screen. (For one of the first pictures under their contract with Warner Brothers, Hollywood Hotel.)

At home again, Rosemary and Pat trotted off to Des Moines every Saturday to study dancing with Rose Lorenz. During the week I hired a boy to come in and play the piano while they practiced their routines. Before long they had a small act worked up. They appeared at the Paramount Theater when Lola's pictures played there, at the auto show. Then, on one of our reunions in New York, they met Fred Waring.

"Mother, he's asked us to join his band! Mother, you could travel with us! Mother—"

I've tried never to be too possessive with the girls, but there are times when you do have to act as a balance wheel. This was one of them. They could sign with the band on one condition—that they continue their studies. During the next few years they worked like Trojans. Rehearsals, radio shows, floor shows, stage shows, school work. . . . And every time they played New York they went immediately to coach in dramatics with Frances Duff-Robinson, who had been Katharine Hepburn's teacher, and in voice with Lionel Robsarte. They spent thousands of dollars getting their teeth straightened. Somebody asked them the other day about romances during this period. "You don't have many romances in braces!" giggled Pat.

My part of the job was seeing that they had enough rest and plenty of good plain food—not always an easy matter traveling about the country. I tried, too, to keep them in simple clothes.

When Warners sent for them to play in Varsity Show with the band, one of the first things we did was get a house. Not in the city. Out in the valley, where, as Rosemary says, "you can feel yourself think."

Small towns? I love them. They're the heart of America. They are the best place in the world to bring up children. Because that taste of country life keeps them more natural, keeps them from being brittle, affected.

I have a prayer for my girls. It's this: That they may keep on loving little things.

THE END

How the Lane sisters rose to fame. Their devoted mother tells all! A blithe, moving saga of struggle and success

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Twilight CHEATS

WHEN Martha Lane learns that her husband, Andrew, is carrying on an affair with Perry Snow, a beautiful young photographer, she sets out to make a new woman of herself so that she can win him back. Telling him that she is tired out and needs a rest, she leaves her children with their nurse and goes to her sister's home in Florida. There she diets, takes up flying under the tutelage of a young man named Windy, flirts, and tries generally to look and act considerably less than the forty which she is.

On arriving home, however, she finds that even a slimmer, livelier, more alert Martha cannot win against Perry's charms. Andrew fails to respond to his made-over wife.

Impulsively, Martha goes to Perry's apartment to talk with her, but Perry is not at home. While Martha is waiting, Andy comes in, using his key. They leave together and, during a talk in a little restaurant, Martha tells her husband that she will never give him up.

Andy, torn between his loyalty to his family and his love for Perry, finally decides to break with his mistress, and Perry, hurt, goes abroad. When Andy finds it out, he turns on Martha, accusing her of persuading Perry to go away. Infuriated, he asks her for a divorce.

"Try and get it!" Martha tells him. "Wherever you go, I'll follow you and fight you. So go ahead—just let me see you get a divorce!"

PART EIGHT—A GHOST THAT WOULD NOT FADE

ANDREW flung open the door, and headed across the porch. Martha called after him in a tone that momentarily arrested him. She followed him out into the damp chill, but he did not turn, even when he felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Andy." She bent toward him almost as if she were going to put her cheek against his shoulder. "Andy, just remember—you have a key to this door, too."

He swore softly, feeling a rush of shame. But Martha whipped herself on, her voice unnaturally calm.

"I'm not going to try to keep you. But everything will be ready and waiting for you whenever you want to come back to your own."

With a petulant shrug, he pulled away from her, and struck off for the station, feeling more desolate with each step, more confused and wretched. Passing the lighted homes of other families, contented and serene enough, as his had been less than a year ago.

But he wouldn't trade that period for all the gold of the Indies. Trouble was, he had mismanaged things just at the last. Let himself be ridden by

duty and blinded by dependents. He had brought about a sorry, sorry mess, and the more he thought, the less he could understand how he had let Perry go.

The three-mile walk left him tingling but weary. His system felt the strain of all the emotional upsets of the past week. There were few people heading for New York at nine in the evening, and he was thankful he knew none of them.

For twenty minutes he paced the platform, waiting. Cursing himself for never having inquired Azalea's Harlem address. He didn't even know the woman's last name. What was he going to do, then? Go to Perry's apartment and merely inquire her forwarding address? Find out if she had given up the place, or whether she had set a date for her return? And what then? Just why was he going into New York at all?

He cursed under his breath and lit a cigarette. He could go to the club, of course, and stay—without any luggage, without much dignity. He could get Martha to send his things in and continue to live at the club. And, no matter how she might hurry, Perry would be at least two weeks returning. And then there would be a long weary battle about divorce which might stretch into months. Andrew knew men who had struggled for freedom through years of expensive heartache. Well, all right. If Martha wanted to be unreasonable, Andrew could be just as stubborn. But in the meantime? Suppose he lived at the club. The children would ask where he was, and why he wasn't coming home, and whether they couldn't see him. . . . And if Perry were a long time abroad (supposing she had commissions for her work over there), why, he'd just be making a shabby mess again.

Besides, how did he know Perry would return? Who could blame her for sailing away, when he had so unfeelingly told her off and left her? She had said she loved him, and he had walked out on her. Of course he had been under a terrible strain; he had drunk up to the courage of his decision, and had been too muddle-witted to veer from his plan. . . . He must make Perry realize that and understand. That was his

chief job. He must reach her and convince her some way . . . a cable . . .

The train rumbled in the distance and its big head lamp gleamed on the damp tracks as it rolled into the station.

You could telephone to big ships nowadays.

Andrew stepped back. He watched the train unblinkingly, then turned and walked the three miles back to his home. The lights were not out. Martha was still up. Doing what? Weeping? Phoning her mother? What did it matter? Poor Martha. She meant so well and she loved him. He knew that. But, just as Perry said, nothing is settled so easily, and you can't call the shots on emotions. Thousands of couples have faced similar problems. And have learned, eventually, to solve them.

He opened the garage and backed out the car. He drove to Stamford, and by the time he reached there his elation had grown. He had figured out his conversation.

The connection took a long time. He waited in steaming impatience for nearly two hours. There was a delay even after he was called to the phone, and a clipped masculine voice announced: "Ready with Miss Perry Snow for Mr. Andrew Lane."

But when at last he did hear Perry's voice, sleepy and more than a little restrained, he poured out his pent-up emotion like a burst gauge:

"Perry darling, you've got to come back to me. I made the mistake of my life and I can't understand it myself, except you must know I had a terrible load on. . . ."

"Drew dear, have you just had a quarrel?"

"Yes. No! It was just that I saw your picture, you and Champ sailing. Perry, if I could ditch my business I'd take the next boat and join you. But I beg of you . . ."

"Listen, Drew. I'll be gone at least through the summer."

"But I couldn't stand . . ."

"You've got to. We've both got to."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, I can't discuss it like this, Drew. But I'm determined. I've a lot of good jobs lined up. I'll keep terribly busy. And if it's the real thing—I mean, if it's fate and meant to be,



Andy took his leave, smiling, friendly: "Too bad, but I've got an office I must go to."

we'll know by that time, Drew. And we'll have given everybody a fair chance all around. Don't you see, it's the only sane thing?"

Her voice sounded so tired. He wished he were beside her to reassure her, to stroke back her hair.

"I know now," he said dully. "I've already—spoken of divorce."

He heard her catch her breath.

"What was that you said?" he asked.

"I said I was sorry. I mean, unless you want it anyway. For I may never come back, Drew. I don't want a wrecked home on my hands. I don't want—any of it, really. I never intended to care, you know. I didn't expect . . ."

She broke off in what he feared was tears. He called her name frantically, and after a moment she spoke again.

"I can't talk any more now, Drew. There are others here. Please don't call me again. Please leave me alone. Please. Whenever I decide to come back, I'll let you know. If you want to be fair to me, leave me to myself to work out my own salvation."

"All right, Perry. If that's what you wish."

"I do, terribly. Good night, Drew."

"Good night. I love you, Perry." There was silence, and he was

A woman hopes and fears—and new drama enters a vivid novel of a man enchanted by an outlawed love

blasted with the thought that he might have said those words four days ago in answer to her own. He was certain she was thinking the same thing.

"Good-by, dear," she said softly, and hung up.

He paid the toll, feeling both swank and sheepish. And he drove home slowly, going over every word as clearly as he could remember. He felt old and lonely. It was raining, mistily, unpleasantly chill. His house was dark, except for the yawning glare of the garage light which he had left on and one dim lamp in the front hallway. He went in quietly. Poured himself a short Scotch against the damp cold that filled him. Noted the cigarette case with its specially etched picture of a lane. And felt his eyes burn with self-pitying tears. Life was a calamity.

Upstairs, he took a sleeping tablet.

THE next morning Martha received a strange telegram. It was raining

and she felt low. Andrew had been on the silent side before he left for work, and he looked racked and aged. But he had said he would be home to dinner. And that was that.

The wire arrived near noon:

CAN'T GET YOU OUT OF MY MIND. SO ASKED FLORRIE FOR YOUR ADDRESS STOP WHILE FOOLING WITH SHORT WAVE RADIO LAST NIGHT OVERHEARD A SHIP TO SHORE TELEPHONE CONVERSATION STOP DO YOU REMEMBER YOU PROMISED TO LET ME KNOW IF YOU CRASHED

REGARDS

WINDY

Martha stared out the window at the rain.

That was the answer, then, to her husband's peculiar behavior. Coming back and taking out the car, returning long after midnight. He had gone somewhere and telephoned the Snow woman on her ship. And what had they said? Planned? Nothing immediate, judging from his grimness this morning. The Woman had

no intention of rushing back to him; particularly, no doubt, if he told her that Martha had refused a divorce. It had probably ended that the Snow creature would not return until Andrew had made some definite arrangement for the future.

Late in the afternoon she wrote Windy:

Yes, I've crashed—or at least it's a forced landing and I don't know how to take off again. Every plan I tried failed, every hope I held has gone. I am just blundering through, and badly, I know, because I feel he needs me, whether he wants me or not. If she would only stay away long enough, I might be able to pull him through. Maybe I'm not the one to do it. I wish he had a man friend who would take him off on some camping trip or some he-man adventure. . . . Sounds silly, I know, and Andy would be the last to go, of course. Frankly, I don't know what to do, except muddle along and cling.

Flying hasn't been as good, training with strangers. I've had exactly fourteen hours in the air since I last saw you. This week I may transfer to a field near by. They have a group over there that jointly own a plane and they are letting me in. We have pro rata use of it. My physical examination for solo license is slated for two weeks from today, and after that the exam on navigation laws. I'm sure I'll pass. So I expect to have my solo license by the end of April. I have my eye on a secondhand plane which I can buy on time. I have a little stock, really my own, that I can sell to do it.

It surprised her how much writing the letter helped her. Sharing a secret was like shaking the ashes out of your grate. She sent it special delivery and air mail.

Two days of rain, two nights of Andy acting like a stranger, left Martha straining for action by Monday. She could not get to the airfield until midafternoon, but she was lucky enough to get forty-five minutes of the instructor's time, and then she lingered, meeting the new crowd, watching, questioning. She hated to leave, and drove home feeling profoundly desolate.

There was a strange unprepossessing car outside her door. It puzzled her slightly, but she let herself in without any real curiosity or suspicion.

ANDREW LANE was genuinely frightened that Monday, when, after lunch, he was seized with an acute attack of indigestion. It lasted severely for more than a half hour and had the office in an uproar. The attentions and remedies, and offers to get a doctor in the building only served to anger him unreasonably, and he stormed with sufficient vehemence to make them all leave him alone. When he could breathe without a knifing pain and sit erect, he phoned his regular doctor. As soon as he felt steady on his feet, he took a cab and his doctor saw him immediately.

"Great guns, man, you'd better tone down! What in blazes have you been doing to yourself?"

"I drank quite a little over the week-end."

"Over the week-end! You've been playing hob with yourself for quite a spell, I should say. Listen to me. This isn't serious. But it's a fair warning. Just let up on the fleshpots a little, or you'll be old before your time. You're as strong as an ox; but remember, an ox takes it slow and easy. Now you go home and take these tablets. Little morphine in them. You'll sleep the rest of the day and night. And stay in bed tomorrow. Nothing but clear soups and a few spoons of porridge. Along about Wednesday, soft-boiled eggs. No alcohol for at least two weeks, and cut down on your smoking if you have any sense. A good cathartic tonight."

Andrew took the train home in a half daze. He explained to the conductor that he was sick and closed his eyes. Old before his time. . . . Been abusing himself, eh? The one brief period of gaiety and release he had ever known! Forty and hit like a kid with colic. Probably headed for ulcers, or worse. . . . What good was he to Perry? Or himself? Why even think of fighting for happiness? Perry was young, vital, her whole life still to enjoy. No, no. Why try? If your wife doesn't lick you, your age will. Everything in the world conspires against happiness.

He did not need to be roused. Nor was he in pain as he dismounted at his station. He phoned home. Mrs. Lane

had the car, and nobody knew where she had gone, Annie said. Miss Fellows had the roadster, calling for the children and taking them to the dentist after school.

Disgruntled, he hired a town taxi and drove home. He noticed a strange cheap sedan in front of his door, and frowned at it. He wasn't in any mood to see any one. Probably some salesman or some such that he could ignore. The air was clear and fragrant and he filled his lungs gratefully. Poof! There wasn't a pain left. Probably nothing at all but lack of exercise and a beastly boring week-end. . . .

Annie was in the hall.

"There's a man here to see Mrs. Lane," she mumbled. "Came just after you phoned."

He walked into the living room.

A lumbering length of young manhood stood up. He had a lock of yellow hair tumbled over his forehead, and a big all-embracing smile. Some nondescript trousers and a leather jacket over a flannel shirt. Trampish. Yet you had a feeling that he would be equally at ease in both extremes of society.

"MR. LANE?" he asked eagerly, before Andrew could speak.

"Yes. And what may I . . ."

"I'm Windy, sir."

Andrew took the far from clean hand that the young man shuffled over to extend.

"You're—Windy, did you say?"

"Why, yes. Lieutenant Roland Allby Sherman, if you want all of it."

"Oh, yes." Andrew lifted his neck slightly out of his collar. "Sit down, won't you? Mrs. Lane is not at home, but I imagine . . ."

"I know. I was just about to go over to the local airfield to look for her."

"Where? You were—what?"

"The airfield here. I didn't think she was transferring so soon, and I landed over on Long Island, where my pal Tim is. I borrowed his car to kite over here. By George, though, he does speak well of her!"

"He does, eh? Ah—tell me, does Martha know you're here? I mean—does she expect . . ."

"Gosh, no. Didn't rightly expect to come myself. Just took off about six this morning. Sort of on the impulse. I just didn't think she ought to buy any secondhand plane until I looked it over."

"Oh, you didn't! No. Of course not."

"Always tricky, you know yourself, anything second-hand. And I thought, too, I'd give the once-over to the plane the group owns over here in Rye somewhere. I don't go for that club-stuff much. I think I could get Boo-Boo a better buy, anyway. They couldn't stick me on price."

Andrew Lane felt his chin carefully and nodded.

"I think," he said slowly, "I'll have a Scotch-and-soda. How about you?"

"Don't mind. I'm on the ground for a couple of days."

Andrew crossed stiffly to the small cellaret, ringing for Annie on the way.

"Ice and stuff," he told her briefly. And, as Annie left, he decided recklessly, "I think I'll just have a brandy straight. Join me?"

"No, thanks. Scotch is my tonic."

Andy drained off a very small brandy. The doctor was a fool. He felt warmed and steady. All doctors are fools. Ought to know better than to chase to one with a mere bellyache.

"Tell me," he said pleasantly, "how Martha first became interested in planes. I mean—your version."

And he sat smiling and controlled as Windy expanded. He took the ice and equipment from Annie, dismissed her with a curt nod, and then stopped her at the door.

"You'll stay for dinner, of course, lieutenant?"

"Shucks—Windy. Why, sure, if I'm not crashing in."

"A guest for dinner, Annie."

"Will the children be eating with you, sir?"

"Hardly."

"Doggone now, I'd love to meet the kids," Windy protested. "Young Fred particularly. I hear he makes plane models."

(Continued on page 30)

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(Continued from page 28) "Yes, he does. But we rarely let them eat with guests. Besides, I'd like to hear you and Martha talk. I certainly would. Go ahead and tell me more. Here—here is your tonic."

MARTHA heard their voices the moment she stepped into the hall. She stood, galvanized, recognizing Windy's drawl.

"Here's Martha now," she heard Andy say.

And: "Well, well, Boo-Boo!" And Windy was out in the hall in one rush. Grasping her shoulders, hitting her cheek softly with the back of his hand. "Boy, you're fresh back from a lesson, aren't you? How was it? Crazy to see the progress you've made."

She entered the living room reluctantly, pulling off her gloves, carefully taking off her coat.

"Andy dear—anything wrong?" she murmured.

"Wrong?" He was elaborately amazed.

"You're home so early."

"No, no. Nothing wrong. Just felt somewhat under the weather and thought I needed a little relaxation. Windy's going to stay for dinner, Martha."

"How—nice."

"Come on, Boo-Boo. I hear you're off the wagon. Have a snort with us."

"You two seem way ahead of me."

"We are," said Andy. "Would you rather I'd fix you an old-fashioned? I know they're your favorite, my dear."

"Yes. Yes, I think I would. I'll go up and wash while you're making it."

UPSTAIRS, shut in her bathroom, she talked herself out of a cold sweat and a fit of trembling. All right, they had met, and Windy had told all about her flying. So what? Andy would be furious and would make a lifetime scene about this additional secret kept from him. But, after all, there was no sin. She wasn't ashamed. And if Andy could play the beaming host and drink with Windy, she could go down and play as good a role if it killed her.

She began to dress feverishly, thankful for the lovely new hostess gown she had. She heard the children arrive home, their father calling to them. She tiptoed to the head of the stairs and listened to Windy being boisterously friendly with them.

"Mother fly? You're crazy!" Young Fred's voice, incredulous.

She shivered.

Windy: "Do you mean to say the kids don't know?"

She turned away with a whispered oath and hastened back to finish dressing. Her hands shook and she was all thumbs. The children burst in on her to say good night, and shriek their surprise over her flying. Yes, yes, she would let them watch some day. Yes, she would take Fred up as soon as ever she had the license to do it. . . . No, please run along to bed now. I must get down to my guest.

How she got through the dinner

and evening, she never quite understood. Andy managed the drinks—another of the tricks his ladylove had taught him. But more and more Martha felt *de trop*. Both men drank convivially; both seemed increasingly fond of each other. Andy promised to go over to the field with them the next morning and watch Martha take a ship up and land it herself. As he grew balmier he even talked of letting Freddie go up with Windy, but Martha protested so urgently that Windy looked at her, abused, and said:

"You don't suppose I'd be a louse with a kid, do you?"

And he told Andy of the first time he had taken Martha up and given her the works. Her husband listened, glancing occasionally at Martha, who was already so flushed she couldn't get redder.

Occasionally Windy, with impish good humor, would overreach himself. He might have given away, all in innocence, the secret of flying; but he had no intention of betraying any knowledge of domestic crisis. Still, with the thought that he was forwarding Martha's cause, he would race the engines: "Gosh, woman, you look a million! Either all women should take up flying, or all men should take lessons from your husband."

Or, later: "You basted this ham with rum, didn't you? How does it happen you're a good housekeeper too, Boo-Boo? Listen, Andy. If you ever want to get rid of her, let me know."

And Martha did not enjoy the way her husband's eyes brooded over Windy's banter. . . .

WINDY left a little before midnight, because he had to return Tim's car, though Andy pressed him to stay overnight.

Andy was not entirely steady on his feet. With unusual courtesy he helped Martha with closing-up chores. At the foot of the stairs she put one hand on his shoulder.

"I don't know what you must think, Andy. But . . ."

"I don't know what I think yet myself," he cut in heavily. "All I know is, I'd like to cut my throat."

Martha tried very hard to cry when she was alone in her room. But she couldn't, somehow. She knew tears would release the tension in her—but she could not summon them.

And in his room alone, Andy spilled a pill into his hand. Stuff for indigestion that had a little morphine in it, the doctor had said. After which he was supposed to stay in bed thirty-six hours on gruel and stuff. . . .

Halfway to his mouth, he drew back the pill. Liquor would make him sleep. And maybe the pill on top of it would be harmful. . . .

THE next morning Windy flew his plane over from Long Island, and they all met at the airfield. Andy had said nothing at breakfast. He seemed pale and shaky, but his expression forbade Martha any attempt at dis-

cussion. They drove over to the field in silence, except when Martha said hotly:

"You're making me feel nervous and self-conscious. You're making me feel like a fool."

"I don't mean to," he said dully. "I just have a hangover."

"Well, I wish you'd raise hell with me and get it over with."

"I have no intention of raising hell with you. I just don't feel I know you at all."

His attitude filled her with a spirit of fierce rebellion. So that she greeted Windy too warmly and delighted in introducing him around the hangar. She went up with him, handling the controls herself. She wouldn't have been afraid to fly alone. If she crashed, she crashed, and perhaps it would be the answer to everything. She had Windy mark a special spot—and she almost made a perfect precision landing. And finally, with a shouted prayer flung into the air that she loved, she put her ship into a tail spin and pulled out of it.

BUT she paid little attention to the chatter and the crowd. She was aware only of Andy, sitting on a rail, very sober and grim. And presently Andy took his leave, smiling and friendly:

"Too bad, but I've got an office I must go to. No, don't either of you bother. I'll stop at the house and get Miss Fellows to run me to the station, and she can bring the car back for you. I know you're both eager to look over the planes—or ships, do you say? And my advice wouldn't be worth a tin can. Pick her the best, Windy, if she's going to buy any at all."

They walked to the car with him, and Andy kissed her good-by, quite in routine.

"I don't blame you for fighting to hold on to him," Windy said, as the car drove off.

But Martha only smiled. She simply could not discuss it. She veered instead to the planes, and Windy understood. These were exciting hours, making the final decision, and they drove home late for a large tea in lieu of lunch.

Andy phoned that he would not be home for dinner. And Windy said, as Martha hung up:

"I'm going to skate along, Boo-Boo. Got a couple of fellows I mean to see in New York."

"It would be dull for you here," she said with a listless shrug.

"Don't pull that. I didn't come up here to go social. I just felt responsible, somehow. Just didn't want you to get gypped. Now that I know you're safe, I can get back to my own terrain."

She drove him over to the field, and he hesitated for a moment before he got out.

"So long," he said with an exaggerated drawl. "I'll be flying back home tomorrow or the next day."

"So long," she said. "Give my love to Florrie."

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CLARK'S

**TENDER-MINT
GUM**

"Sure. And give my love to your husband. Now that I've seen him, I feel better about you, too."

And she said, "Do you still feel confident I'll win, Windy?"

He shrugged, understanding, and avoided her eyes.

"I don't know. It's hit him deep. He's not just a heel. He's gone and got himself in love. Or thinks he has. I heard the way he talked to her. And he looks sick. I can see you're not ready to give up, though."

"No," she said huskily. "I'll never give up."

"That's the way it goes," Windy said. "My wife gave me up in a flash. And married a taxidermist."

It was late that night when Andy got in.

Martha heard him move around in his own room and saw him open the door between.

"I'm awake," she said dully.

He crossed the dark room slowly, and she sat up, shivering. She made out that he carried, or dragged with one hand, his favorite pillow.

"Thought I'd sleep in here," he said. "We picked the best room in the first place. Unless you object."

She held out her arms.

He came to her bedside.

"I picked the best woman in the first place, too," he murmured sheepishly. "What happens, Martha, that we become blinded?"

He bent over and kissed her, but when she tried to fold her arms around him, he straightened up. She started to cry, softly, weakly.

"Oh, Andy," she whispered. "Andy!"

He sat on the side of her bed and drew her comforter comically over his shoulders.

"Martha." He took her hand and held it between both his own. "I think you are the bravest, finest woman God ever made. I—my respect for you is beyond any expression. I know—I've given you a raw deal and a lot of unhappiness you don't deserve."

"Andy dear, it doesn't matter, as long as the whole structure of our lives together doesn't go for nothing. We can forget—if we just get back to each other. . . ."

"Wait a minute," he protested. His tired face was stern in the semi-darkness. His voice was flat. "We can't expect everything at once. I mean, the structure of our lives, yes. I'm sorry I ever asked for a divorce. But we can't change everything, Martha. You can't understand a man's problems—I wouldn't expect you to, and I'd rather not discuss it. But I'm not a playboy. I'm not a philanderer. I don't know if I can ever really put her out of my mind—or my heart. . . ." He broke off unhappily. "And I have to confess, Martha, in fairness, that I came to this decision for her good, too. I'm not enough. . . . Well, that's the way it is. If you want me on those terms, I'll be as good a husband as I can, Martha. But let's not be hypocrites—or force

things between us—or we might grow to hate each other."

"You're cold," she said tenderly. "Better climb in there and warm up. Want a hot-water bottle?"

"Heavens, no!" He laughed shortly. "But maybe you've noticed that I'm back to pajamas."

They lay wide awake in their separate beds, once in a while speaking.

"How did it feel, Martha, when you first flew alone?"

"Terrifying. And intoxicating. But it's going upward that counts. I don't know how to express it, Andy. Just the feeling of rising—up where things can't touch you."

Or, later:

"There's a button off my overcoat."

"I'll fix it."

And when he had fallen asleep, Martha still lay staring, happy, in a painful way, for the first time in months. She had won the first battle—loyalty and respect. She had won the shell of their marriage. Now she had a bigger fight to win, and in his present mood, without any Perry to distract him, surely she would find a way. Every thought would go to it. To making him so happy, so pleased with his home and his wife that love would revive. . . .

If the Snow woman stayed away long enough—if perhaps Martha could have him on a summer vacation trip when she returned—maybe, maybe he'd find his wife fun, excitement, desirable, too. . . .

THERE were weeks of peace, almost of gaiety. Of taking the kids to the airfield. Of hearing Andy speak of "my wife's little Stinson." Taking an interest in her log. Of Freddie boasting about his mother and her solo license and how she would have a real pilot's license after another thirty-five hours solo. Young Fred, who had once beat up a boy for calling his mother a mess, looking at her with worship in his boy's eyes. . . .

Oh, Andy was trying hard, wholeheartedly. They had people in again, went to dinners again, and took Mrs. Littleton to the theater. The yearly visit of Andy's father, generally half dreaded, was a jolly time. They only laughed when he criticized every last leaf in their garden, and they encouraged him to fix it up for them as he pleased. They took the children to Gilbert and Sullivan and to the circus. They went, *en famille*, to church on Easter Sunday, and Andy sang out with the rest. They observed the cocktail hour together each evening (Martha making a frolic of it), until, with warmer weather, Andy tired of mixed drinks and they were back to beer and sandwiches before going to bed.

Martha grew radiant. Her gray eyes were lamps of happiness, her laughter easy and quick, like that of a woman adored. And Andrew Lane was in control of himself, his own master—even if he still oversmoked and still had spells of restless moodiness and indigestion.

As a wife, she marked those

periods, fearful of how to cope with them, sorry in her heart for him. Almost any tactic she took was wrong then, and brought on a flare of temper. It was best to leave him alone, find reason to take herself away from him. And pray that they would become less frequent. But her realization that he took sleeping tablets with increasing regularity sat on her like defeat. She would lie awake, listen to his quiet breathing, and know it was not natural sleep. Nothing between them was natural—really. All a false front. A leer of a life.

Still, even that could be conquered in time, couldn't it? Anything, now that they were pulling together again, could be solved.

It was one of those June days that poets fix in meter, when she drove Andy to his office (as she frequently did now) and went up to get a book he wanted especially rebound. She was there when his secretary handed him the cable. And she knew, instantly, whose name was signed. Andy knew, too. His lips twitched as he took it. And he laid the blue envelope on his blotter.

"Who is it, dear?" she asked lightly.

He had to open it. He had to read it in front of her. She saw his lips clamp and his eyes flicker.

"Nothing," he said presently. "Nothing important."

Martha laughed foolishly, as he folded the message and slipped it in an inside pocket. She kissed him good-by, and went on to her day's routine. But she walked with a ghost, knowing without having to be told that the battle wasn't over. Not over at all.

SHE knew panic then. Convinced that Perry was coming back. Andy's eyes, Andy's growing fever told her so. And *why*? What was bringing her back after eight—count them—weeks? Just what? What had Andy written, perhaps, in one of his letters? Why—even with an ocean between—was their infatuation so strong? Stronger than Martha's propinquity and ceaseless efforts?

She hated them both unreasonably, defensively. Yet she could not help being sorry for Andy. He was so very attentive in the days that followed that cable. Almost as if he sought strength in being close to her. Yet so often she had to repeat a remark before he listened. So often she would watch him pretend to read, while over and over his mind would ring with words she would never know, words he had destroyed but which rang, pealing, in his thoughts:

"My darling, my darling. I know now and I am coming back to you. . . ."

Are Martha's high hopes of rebuilding her life with Andy to be dashed by Perry's return? Will Andy go back to stolen twilight hours with his mistress? Next week's dramatic installment brings startling surprises!

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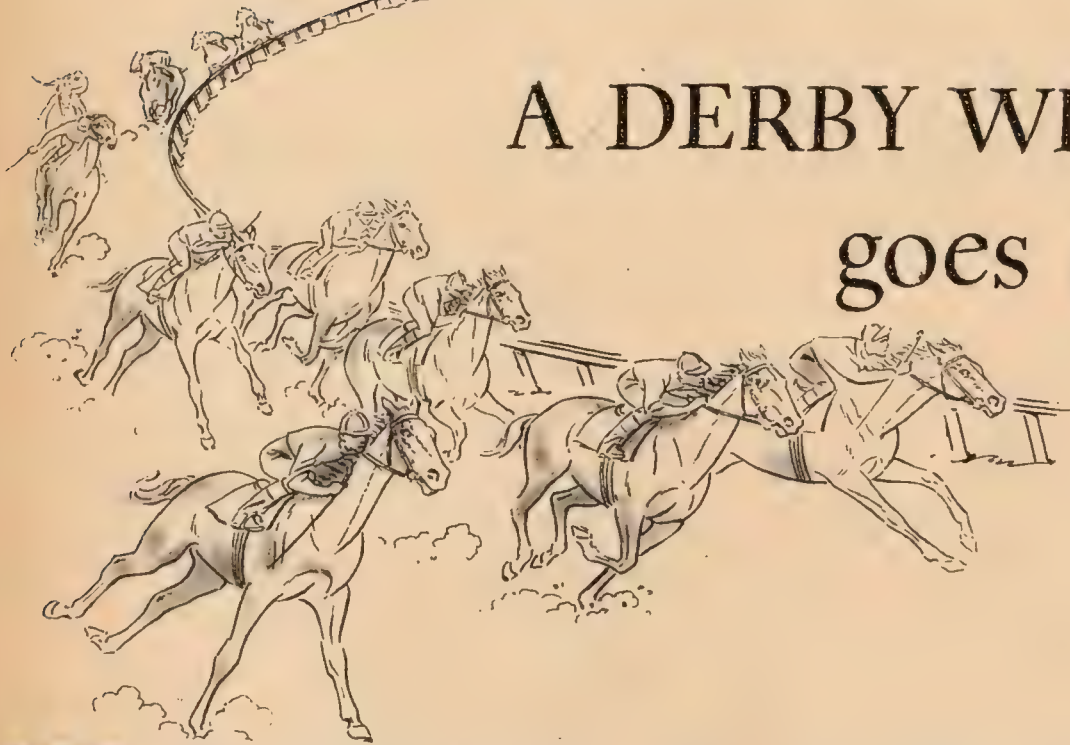
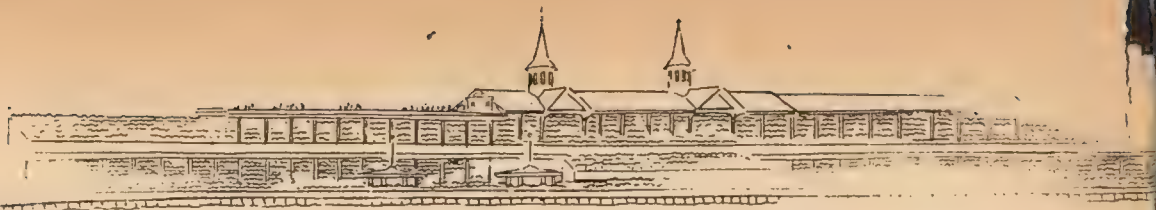
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A DERBY WINNER'S *Pedigree* goes a long way back

THERE are more than a hundred thousand registered Thoroughbred horses alive today, all descended from three horses imported into England more than two hundred years ago from the fertile crescent of the Mediterranean. They were:

The Byerley Turk

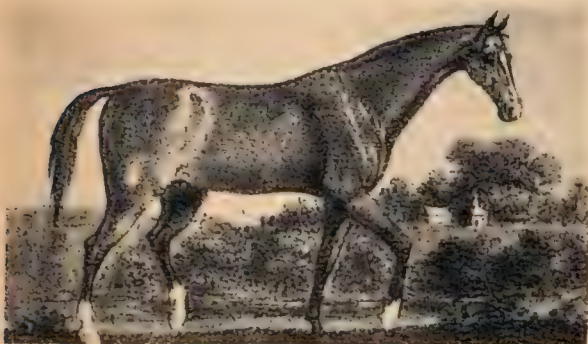
He was a black charger ridden by a Captain Byerley in the wars of King William in 1689 and 1690. He may have been taken from his Turkish owner



at the siege of Buda (Buda-Pest) in 1686. If so, he outlived at least two wars to found a race of equine warriors.

The Darley Arabian

Early in the year 1706 Thomas Darley, agent of an English mercantile firm at Aleppo, in Asia Minor, shipped to his brother in England, John Brewster



Darley, a bay Arabian. The horse, he wrote, was "about fifteen hands high, of the most esteemed race among the Arabs, both by sire and dam, and the name is called Mannicka." More than 75 per cent of all Thoroughbreds now alive are descended from the Darley Arabian "in tail-male," as the horsemen say.

The Godolphin Arabian (OR BARB)

They tell of him a much-disputed story that he drew a water-cart about the streets

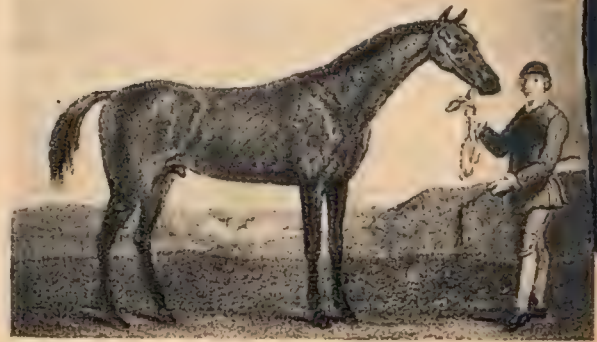


of Paris before he was bought for three pounds, sent to England, and presented to the Earl of Godolphin. It was suspected that sometime he had been stolen. Nothing was known of his ancestry, but the fame of his children was great. And when he died in 1753 at the foot of the hills of Gog-Magog they buried him with honor.

From these three patriarchs came three others from whom the entire race of Thoroughbreds is descended. They were:

Matchem (BAY, FOALED IN 1748)

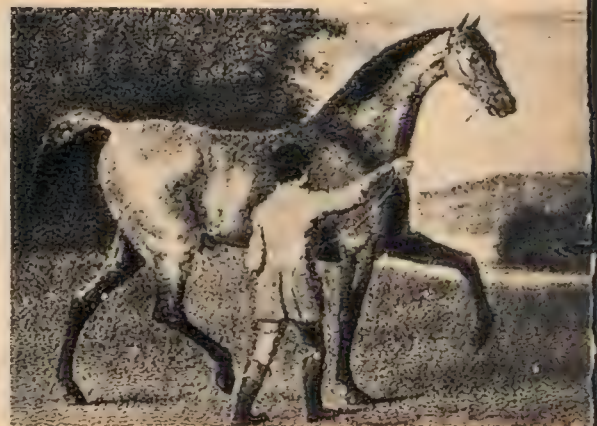
Grandson of the Godolphin Arabian, Matchem was a homely sort. But he got along. He waited until he was five years



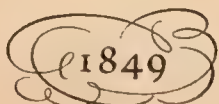
old to run a race, waited until he was eight years old to lose a race. Once they paid his owner twenty pounds *not* to run him.

Herod (BAY, FOALED IN 1758)

Great-great-grandson of the Byerley Turk, Herod remained unbeaten through his first three years of racing. His sons and daughters made his name famous;



one of them, Highflyer, "was never beaten and never paid forfeit." His grandson Diomed won the first Derby, in 1780, was brought to America in his old age, and founded a Thoroughbred dynasty here.



THE BEER THAT MADE

This fascinating story about the ancestry of thoroughbreds was written for Schlitz by one of the foremost authorities on race horses in the world. The illustrations are taken from old prints in his private library.

Eclipse (CHESTNUT, FOALED IN 1764)

On April 1, 1764, part of England was darkened by an eclipse of the sun. During the eclipse the Duke of Cumberland's mare Spiletta gave birth to a chestnut colt, a great-great-grandson of the Darley Arabian. Promptly the colt was named Eclipse.

When the Duke died Eclipse and his other horses were put up for sale. A sheep salesman named Wildman bought



Eclipse for 70 guineas. Later he shared ownership with Dennis O'Kelley.

Eclipse was a horse of ungovernable temper. One of the things he could not abide was to have a horse in front of him. He won his first race in 1769. He was never beaten. He won so many races that finally Messrs. Wildman and O'Kelley could find no takers when they offered to bet that Eclipse would win; they had to wager that Eclipse would "distance" the others at the rate of 60 yards to the mile!

After Eclipse died, his heart was found to weigh fourteen pounds, perhaps six pounds more than the heart of the average Thoroughbred of his day. Fifty years later a wag wrote a verse:

*Eclipse, all nags, compared with thee,
Excite contempt and laughter;
There never was a horse, I do
Believe, so much run after.*

For generations the children of Matchem, Herod and Eclipse have been tested against one another because it is the nature of man, who keeps his prehistoric vanities, to desire that he shall own a better horse than his neighbors.

A staunch favorite in the days of your great grandfather, *The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous* remains today the first choice of the discriminating lover of real beer.

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That FAMOUS FLAVOR ...the favorite for 90 years

Good judges of fine beer insist on the full tang and flavor of true beer without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt. This accounts for the ever-increasing demand for Schlitz, as more and more people learn how good real beer can be.



That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle. SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always*. Schlitz pioneers again!



Milwaukee FAMOUS 1939

90 YEARS OF
QUALITY LEADERSHIP

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER

KERRICK knew that dinner on the train would not be good, so he went across to the Majestic. His heavy Gladstone bag he left behind, but he carried with him a small square metal case and kept it next to him. Even without his big Sikh, Kerrick felt reasonably safe. But it was odd about Bhan Singh.

When he returned, his Gladstone had been moved into a sleeper. He followed it and the train started.

After a while he yawned and went out into the corridor, carrying the case. He saw no porter or guard. The other compartments seemed empty. Kerrick leaned against the flimsy iron gate of the rear platform and watched the track skitter away. The jungle had been cleared for twenty-five or thirty yards on each side of the track, but it pressed close in the darkness.

Kerrick went back to his compartment, closed the door behind him, snapped on the light, and then said, "Oh!"

The man wore plain white drill and a large white topee. He sat riding backward. His legs were crossed, and on the upper knee rested a small automatic pistol. The muzzle faced Kerrick.

"My name is Thorne. In case you're interested. Turn your back, please, while I pat you." He removed the revolver from Kerrick's pocket. "Now then, sit down. Lock the door first, and leave that case here."

Kerrick obeyed. Then he lighted a cigarette.

"Don't you think this is all pretty wild?"

"Not necessarily. I'm not even on this train, as far as anybody knows. I came up second-class, and when they attached this sleeping car I slipped in and hid under a seat."

"What do you want?" demanded Kerrick.

Thorne smiled. "You work for the American jewelry firm of Spitz Brothers, and a certain Siamese prince in that firm's office in San Francisco recently picked out twenty enormous uncut grass-greens. He left orders how he wanted them cut. You're delivering them now."

Nervousness jerked at the corners of the man's mouth. His eyes flicked to Kerrick's case.

"I'd estimate they are worth twenty thousand pounds."

"The price his Highness is paying," Kerrick said suavely.

"You've been jolly careful to keep this case by you. In Singapore you even hired a Sikh bodyguard."

"What happened to him, by the way?"

"I didn't do it," Thorne shrugged. "Merely arranged for it."

The train rocked back and forth.

"Do you plan to steal my case and jump off?" inquired Kerrick, smoking. "You'd be in a pretty wild neighborhood."



BY DONALD
BARR CHIDSEY

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"No, I'm not planning to do that."
"The porter will come soon to make up the berth."

"But when he comes you won't be here. My topee is just about the same as yours, and so is my suit. I'll have your ticket and passport. When we get into Penang, I'll go to the Runnymede for breakfast, carrying the case. I'll leave the bag. Before the train starts again I'll be at sea in a fishing prau. Day after tomorrow I'll be back in Singapore."

Kerrick said slowly: "And me?"

"You," said Thorne, "I shall shoot. Afterward I'll toss your body off the back platform. No train is scheduled to pass here for two days. A bodyguard will undoubtedly be waiting for you at the border, but your bag will still be here, and they'll assume from the porter's story that you missed the train in Penang."

Thorne needed to talk, to justify himself to himself.

"The pleasantest part is that before any investigation can get under

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.25 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

way I shall be on a P. and O. ship headed back for home. Departing by request. I've been warned I'm to be declared an undesirable British subject. Alleged to have been consorting with Asiatics and that sort of thing."

"Opium?"

Thorne shrugged. "I'm not going back a poor man, I can tell you!" He looked at his watch. "In three and a half minutes we'll whistle for a small native village. And if you've ever heard this whistle you'll know that a pistol shot couldn't possibly compete with it."

With his left hand he patted the small metal case.

"Toss me the key; I want to look at these emeralds."

Using his left hand, watching Kerrick all the while, the Englishman put the case flat on the seat by his side. He inserted the key Kerrick handed him, and turned it.

"You be careful," he warned, lifting the automatic a little from his knee. "The safety catch is off."

Thorne threw back the lid of the case.

What he saw caused him to scream in high fright, springing to his feet, stumbling toward the window.

Kerrick bounded out of his seat. Thorne swung the automatic toward him, and fired point-blank into Kerrick's belly. But before Thorne could fire again Kerrick had his right wrist and was forcing it high.

Thorne fell back. Kerrick humped his shoulder twice, very hard, into Thorne's face, so that Thorne's head was banged against the wall. The automatic clattered to the floor. Thorne slid into a heap.

The whistle was blowing.

A SIAMESE officer met Kerrick at the border.

"Your baggage, of course, will not be examined." He nodded at the metal case. "And that is for his Highness?"

"It is, but it's not what you think. Another man made that mistake, and he's in jail in Penang now." Kerrick opened the case. "I had heard that his Highness was interested in these, and I brought one as a personal gift."

"Ah!" The officer's dark eyes shone. "A beauty! The biggest kongrang nuoc I've ever seen!"

He lifted the brilliant green snake from the case, handling it like a connoisseur. He knew it was non-poisonous.

"I kept it with me all the while," said Kerrick. "I didn't want it tossed around and possibly getting bruised. The emeralds," he added, slipping a curved metal case from under his shirt, "I kept even closer to me. The stones are all right, but the case got a bit nicked." There was a groove on its outer surface. "I shall keep it, though. It's been very good to me."

THE END

CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

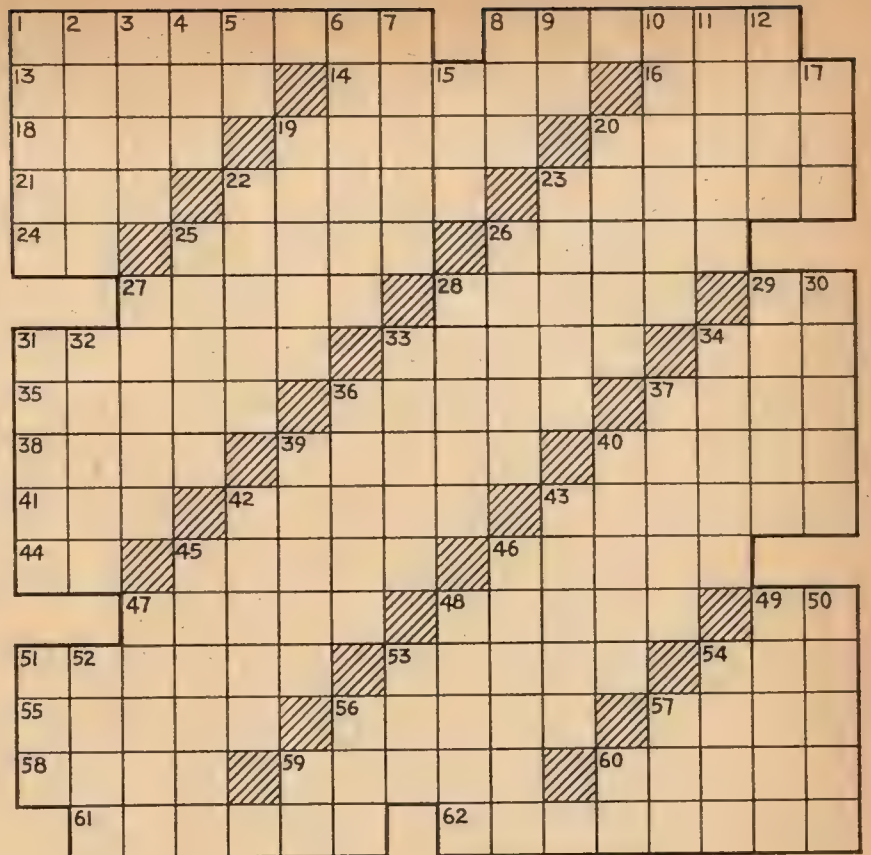
- 1 Ingredients
- 8 Fastened
- 13 A person with arrested mental development
- 14 Lubricator
- 16 Parched
- 18 Vessel
- 19 Studied closely
- 20 Dazzling light
- 21 Letter of the alphabet
- 22 Manservant
- 23 Picked
- 24 Prefix: back
- 25 Loses color
- 26 Without company
- 27 An animal having two feet
- 28 A smooth glistening luster

- 29 By
- 31 Lethargy
- 33 A fold, as of cloth
- 34 A beverage
- 35 One who extracts the innermost part of anything
- 36 A salesperson
- 37 Term used in poker
- 38 Possesses
- 39 To slope
- 40 Kind of fabric
- 41 A footlike part
- 42 A yoke of oxen (pl.)
- 43 Certain teeth
- 44 Suffix: an agent
- 45 Blaze
- 46 Smooth and flat
- 47 Wild animal (pl.)
- 48 Gave
- 49 River in Italy

- 52 Consisting of three measures

VERTICAL

- 1 A smoldering coal
- 2 Not held fast
- 3 Period of time (pl.)
- 4 A witty saying
- 5 Printer's measure
- 6 Drove, as a coach
- 7 Male progenitors of beasts
- 8 An ocean bottom
- 9 Otherwise
- 10 Claws
- 11 Obliterate
- 12 Calamitous
- 15 Permit
- 17 Lair
- 19 Whiter
- 20 Specter
- 22 A cloudlike substance
- 23 Garment
- 25 Tubes
- 26 On the qui vive
- 27 Destroys by fire
- 28 Narrow secluded valleys
- 29 Change
- 30 The years thirteen to nineteen
- 31 Extent
- 32 A citadel or fortress
- 33 Carpenter's tool



DERFUEHRER ARCH
EUROPE FLEABITE
NC PARK LENS SD
HO SING KNEE Y
CRIB FEELS ANGEL
HELLS WALL TOGA
A YAKS DOOM SAM
MO BING WOOL PA
BUS SERF TOAD R
ECHO WARP SWEAR
RHINE BOOS NAN
L PITS GOLF RET
AA OATS HALT ME
IVANHOES VIOLIN
NEWS PEDESTRIAN

Last week's answer

- 34 The record of a single year
- 36 Bivalves of a certain kind
- 37 Sickened
- 39 Do without
- 40 Sweetheart
- 42 Smacks
- 43 Ancient natives of northern Persia
- 45 Bore a colt
- 46 One who looks with sidelong glance
- 47 Support
- 48 Part of the body
- 49 The Turkish government
- 50 An animal
- 51 Turf
- 52 Bad
- 53 Title of respect
- 54 Warmth
- 56 A product of suppuration
- 57 Prefix: before
- 59 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
- 60 Denoting assent (Hinduism)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Fresh
as the newest
Movie Star

Try the 1939 **DOUBLE-MELLOW**

OLD GOLD

Extra aged Tobaccos give extra flavor



Jean Parker is blossoming out as Hollywood's newest glamour girl. Watch for her in the Hal Roach production "Zenobia".

ALWAYS FRESH!
Doubly protected by two jackets of Cellophane. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

TUNE IN: Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

A stirring story unfolds a strange, ironic adventure, a wistful farewell to romance

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

UNEXPECTEDLY a baby girl is born to Leona Cray while seeking refuge from her drunken husband with her former sweetheart, Frederick Antler, who has a waxworks show at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. Leona dies, and Frederick adopts the child, christened Fair, but is forced to give Joe Cray, her father, \$500 for legal rights.

When Fair is eighteen, and her foster father conducting his wax exhibition at Atlantic City, she suddenly announces that she is going to marry Larry Cornish, the son of wealthy parents. The sculptor would prefer to see her married to Andrew Light, a young lawyer, but keeps his own counsel.

To Fair's eternal mortification, Larry jilts her, and she forswears all men. When Andrew proposes, she rejects him, telling him she intends to study law and have a career. About the same time, Joe Cray, who has been in jail, turns up and blackmails Frederick for a couple of hundred dollars; the latter dreads that the scoundrel will make himself known to Fair.

The United States declares war on the Central Powers in 1917, and in July Fair goes to France as a nurse. There, eight months later, Andrew Light, on leave from the front, seeks her out in a small village. Again he asks her to marry him, and this time Fair capitulates. But Lieutenant Light has to rush back to his unit. Fair discovers that she is going to have a child, and before it is born Andrew is killed in action.

Her baby is born in Paris, and called Andrea. With it Fair returns home and takes up her old life with her beloved foster father. He is busy on war memorials. Fair is admitted to the bar. Lieutenant Newcomb, U. S. N., falls in love with her, but she holds him off. One afternoon her secretary tells her that a man held for murder wants her to defend him. His name is Joe Cray!

PART FOUR—THE LONELY WAY

FREDERICK, in a tattered smock, was working on a life-size figure of a bugler—presumably blowing taps over a roster of war victims—when Fair came home that evening. Andrea, fascinated by her grandfather's heroic soldier, stood behind him, wide-eyed, a doll forgotten in her hand. Neither of them was immediately aware of Fair, who paused in the door, smiling and stripping off her summer gloves.

When Andrea at last saw her, she emitted a cry of joy, dropped the doll,

and rushed into Fair's embrace. Now that she was three, she had yellow curls and eyes whose amber loveliness promised some day to match her mother's.

Frederick turned, too, grinning as he listened to the child's exclamations. Invariably Andrea tried to encompass a full day's news in the first minute of breathless chattering. It wasn't until she finished that Fair straightened. And now Frederick noticed the new strain in her features. She looked taut, worried.

"What is it?" he asked quickly. "Anything wrong?"

She was running her fingers through Andrea's hair when she lifted her eyes to his.

"Dad," she said, "I—I've just undertaken to defend a man arrested for murder."

Frederick's lips parted and he stared aghast. "Murder! Why, Fair, I—I thought you weren't going to touch criminal cases!"

"I wasn't. This is an exception. In the first place, the man sent for me because he—he said he knew you."

"Me?"

"Claims to have known you in Chicago years ago. And he says he's run across you now and then in New York, too. Joseph Cray."

An instant Frederick Antler stood stunned, unbelieving, his eyes round and shocked. The grip on his gouge tightened convulsively.

"Cray?" he whispered. "Cray?"

Fortunately, little Andrea tried, at that moment, to clamber up her mother's skirt. It made Fair look down and smile and gather the child into her arms again. In those few seconds the pallid Frederick recovered his breath. He moistened his lips and tried to steady himself. But his brain was still riotous. In panic he asked himself, Why did Cray send for her? How much has he told her? What is this about murder?

"You remember the man?" Fair asked at last.

"Y-es. I—I met him at the Chicago World's Fair. Why? What's he done?"

"He was arrested early this morning on the charge of shooting a man on the stairs of the Hotel Benoit."

Frederick managed a hoarse ejaculation.

"He swears he's innocent," Fair continued. She was taking off her hat. "After I agreed to defend him, he said he'd like to see you. Under the circumstances, the man rather needs the support of his friends—he seems to have so few. I'll arrange for you to see him in the morning . . . that is, of course, if you want to."

Mechanically Frederick nodded. He was still dazed and pale as he turned to put the gouging tool away. Every nerve in his body quivered.

"Did—did he tell you much about himself?"

"We haven't had a chance to go into detail." As she spoke, Fair came into the studio and sank wearily to a chair. She tried to stretch her legs, but Andrea at once climbed to her lap. She went on: "Today I was more interested in his case than in his past . . . though he did tell me he'd served a long term in Sing Sing years ago. For embezzlement."

"Yes; I—I knew that." Frederick's back was turned to her now. Confused, he made a great to-do of washing his hands at the bowl in a corner.

SHE watched him curiously. At last she ventured, "He's a pretty unsavory sort, isn't he?"

"If you thought so"—a touch of harshness came into Frederick's challenge as he tossed the words over his shoulder—"why did you accept his case? You don't want to become involved with men like—like Cray!"

"I took his case for several reasons," she answered. "In the first place, I believe he's innocent. He sounded honest when he told me about this shooting. And then there's another thing." She looked up thoughtfully at Frederick's magnificent sol-

WORLD'S

dier. "It struck me, even before I reached the Tombs, that here was a splendid opportunity to demonstrate women's right to demand equality with men in every branch of the law. Criminal law has been a masculine specialty. But there's no reason for women to be excluded from it. I thought I might be doing women a service if I pioneered in this case."

Frederick wanted to ask a thousand questions about her interview with Joseph Cray. Wiping his hands, he stifled the impulse. But he flung out tightly:

"What about this murder? How is he involved?"

"Andrea," Fair said to the child, "you run in to nursie now. I'll come along in a few minutes."

Andrea pouted, "I want you to give me a bath, mother."

"I will, darling. Tell nursie to get the tub ready. I'll be there very soon."



FAIR GIRL

She waited until Andrea was out of the studio. Then she rose and began to pace the room restlessly, rubbing her palms against each other.

"He's a gambler," she said in staccato tones. "He admits he has no other occupation. He follows those dice games that take place in different hotel rooms every night. Last night it was at the Benoit. Cray says he lost heavily—everything he had with him. He admits, too, that he drank too much and was in an ugly mood. Somehow he got into an argument with one of the big winners—a man named Beasley. Nick Beasley. They almost had a fist fight, but the others stopped it. The game broke up at five in the morning. Joseph Cray says he was the first to leave. He walked down the stairs. Halfway down he felt so dizzy and sick that he sat on the steps to rest.

"Presently Nick Beasley came

down. They met there on the steps. There was another argument, and Beasley hit Cray—punched him so hard that Cray fell and lay in a stupor. What happened during that time he doesn't know. He says he's vaguely aware of having heard a shot. When he came to, a dozen men were crowding around him, and somebody had thrown water into his face. He saw Beasley on the floor, and Beasley was dead—with a bullet in his heart. A revolver lay on the steps. The men who had run down the stairs claimed that they found the two alone there—Beasley murdered and Cray unconscious. The theory is that Cray shot Beasley, then fell down the steps in his hurry to get away, struck his head, and lay senseless. That was the evidence on which he was arrested."

"And—and you believe Cray?" Frederick whispered.

"I tell you, he sounded honest!"

"Still," he went on, "I've discovered there's a queer thing about love. It transcends even discouragement."

Fair faced her father with a frown. "Frankly, I don't think much of him as a man. But I do think he was telling me the truth about *this* particular crime. So I decided to defend him."

IN the morning Frederick Antler approached the Tombs with trepidation that pounded violently in his temples. His whole head ached and his throat felt dry. Why Joseph Cray had sent for Fair, of all lawyers, he couldn't yet understand. The situation was mad!

Fair had asked him the previous evening to tell her all he remembered about her new client. And after swift consideration Frederick had described, accurately enough, the music salesman he had known in Chicago twenty-eight years ago; but he had omitted all mention of Cray's married life. As for the man's more recent past, Frederick had professed—quite honestly—to know nothing at all about it.

He entered the Tombs with definite fear, his straw hat in his hand. This was his first experience with a prison. His nervous body was moist with perspiration.

He was permitted to interview Joseph Cray in a small gray room. And when they were alone, they stared at each other in silence—Frederick well dressed, even dignified, despite his terror; Joe Cray a great sodden, ruddy figure who now weighed more than two hundred pounds.

"Guess this business gave you quite a jolt, hey?" grunted Joe Cray.

"I—I still can't understand it!" whispered Frederick. "Why did you send for her?"

"I needed a lawyer, didn't I?"

"But Fair! Fair of all people!"

Joe Cray shrugged as he sat down on a bench. He rubbed his knees. Frederick saw now that there were tiny purple lines in his ruddy face—alcoholic lines that wriggled everywhere. The man's voice held a constant grating quality.

"You know all about this mess I'm in?" Cray asked.

"Fair told me. I went out and got all the papers, too, and read whatever I could find. But, Joe—" His tones rose angrily. "Your calling Fair, after all I've paid you to stay away from her—"

"This," interrupted Cray, "is different. It's my life, see?"

"You could have got a criminal lawyer!"

"With what? Those fellers want cash on the line. Plenty of it. And I'm broke."

"That's why you wanted Fair?"

"One of the reasons. I figured she wouldn't charge me. I figured you'd see to that."

"I! How? What do you mean?"

"It's clear enough, seems to me. I'm relying on you to talk her into





... and I thought my scalp would pass the FINGERNAIL TEST!

No tell-tale flakes on my coat collar. And I thought my hair was clean. Was I surprised when I tried the Finger-nail Test!

I asked old Doc Ward, the druggist and what he didn't tell me! "You young squirts are all alike. Slick your hair down with grease... then expect a weekly shampoo to keep it clean of dirt and dandruff!"



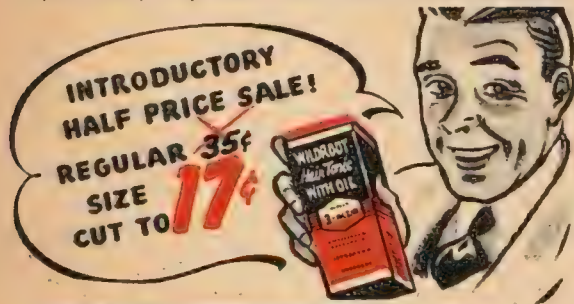
"Okay smart guy!" says I, "but what do you use on that prize winning mop of yours?"



"I use OIL!" says Doc. "Don't interrupt me. I mean this new 3-action Wildroot-with-Oil. It's the old Wildroot formula that's been eliminatin' dandruff scales since you were in kindergarten... plus pure vegetable oils that can't build up grease on your scalp!"



That sold me! But what knocked me over was the introductory half price sale! Only 17¢ for the 35¢ size. And did it do the trick!



WILDROOT WITH OIL THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS
2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

WILDROOT CO., BUFFALO, N. Y., FORT ERIE, ONT.

taking this case without a fee. You've got to talk her into it. See?"

Frederick exclaimed in consternation, "On what grounds could I possibly ask her to do a thing like that?"

"I told her we're old friends, didn't I? You can play that up. Anyhow, what you tell her is your business. Say anything you like. All I know is that, if she doesn't handle my case without a fee, I'm going to tell her who I am. I've got to. Then she'll forget all about asking for pay. See what I mean?"

Frederick found himself trembling again. He had sat down beside the massive Joe Cray. Now he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped perspiration from his forehead.

"And there was something else." Cray surveyed his shoe. "It came to me, sort of, that it would be mighty smart to have a woman lawyer. Especially a looker like Fair. She'll have a jury eating out of her hand. Just being a woman gives her a head start." He looked up brightly. "Say, she is a swell kid! I never realized what a knockout she is. And smart—I'd stack her up against any woman in town! It made me proud yesterday just to—to listen to her talk. Never knew what a peach she was until she sat here with me. . . . I—I sort of envied you then, Fred."

"Thanks," Frederick said dryly.

"You did a good job."

"Thanks."

Joe Cray abruptly rose, scowling. His habitual sullenness surged back upon him. Hands in pockets, head lowered, he began to walk about the room.

"Fred," he said, "I've done all sorts of things during my time, but I've never killed a man. I didn't shoot this guy Beasley. Somebody with a grudge against him—and there were plenty, believe me!—somebody like that must have come along after he'd knocked me cold. Some feller who let him have it, dropped the gun, and ran. But circumstances are against me, and I've got a hunch that if anybody can get me out of this, it's Fair. Only—" He turned to fix his scowl on Frederick. His voice became hard. "I'm counting on you to fix it so she don't ask for money. Remember that. If she insists on pay, I'll just have to tell her how she and I stand in this. See?"

DAZEDLY, Frederick nodded. It seemed to him, as he gaped at the floor, that the career which Fair was shaping so gloriously had never been nearer collapse. If she were suddenly identified as the daughter of an ex-convict, a gambler now under arrest for murder . . . No, she couldn't go on as a public figure after that. It would explode her life.

And suppose she agreed to defend Cray without a fee. What guaranty was there that he would remain silent? None at all. In fact, Frederick told himself bitterly, the more successful Fair became, the more eager

Cray would be, in all probability, to establish himself as her father.

Yet what was there to do?

"So you'll talk to her, Fred," Joe Cray said.

And Frederick answered in a shaken whisper, "Yes, Joe, I—I'll talk to her."

WHEN Frederick ventured an experimental question over dinner, Fair astounded him by replying almost gaily, "Charge Joseph Cray a fee? How can I? He has nothing."

Frederick, putting down his cup so that it rattled, couldn't help blinking. "You—you mean you had no intention of charging him anything?"

"Oh, but I did," she corrected, "until I learned he didn't have a cent. Even then I thought his friends might rally around to finance his defense. But it turns out he has no friends."

"And yet," Frederick said incredulously, "you took the case."

"Because, dad, it involves more than dollars and cents, this opportunity to assert woman's place in criminal law."

Before he could speak again, a glance at the clock sent Fair to her feet in consternation.

"Good heavens, I've got to dress!"

He said dazedly, "Lecturing again tonight?"

"No. I'm going to the Follies with Scott Newcomb."

So she went; and saw Scott on several other occasions, too, before he sailed for the Canal Zone. She had to confess she liked being with him. He had a way of drawing her into a realm of laughter and ease and gay companionship that was delightful.

But on their last evening together—a hot Saturday night late in July—there was an abrupt change in Scott Newcomb.

He had borrowed a car, and they drove out to Long Beach for dinner. Later, walking on the boardwalk with a sea wind sweeping against them, he slipped his arm through hers. His face was strained.

"Fair," he said, "I'm about to be rash."

At the beginning she tried to preserve their usual air of banter. "Why, Scott," she mocked, "you terrify me!" Despite her tone, however, quick premonition thudded in her heart. She looked at the moonlit sea, knowing what was coming. The anticipation frightened her.

He said in low tones, "I suppose you've already guessed I've fallen head over heels in love with you."

To that she didn't reply. A nerve in her throat began throbbing furiously.

"I think it happened that first time we met in a theater lobby. Remember? It took me quite a while to recognize the feeling. It was so strange and surprising. You see, I'd never fallen in love before."

"Scott—"

"Wait. Let me get this off my chest. I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. I've been weighing us—you and me—in the scales of com-

mon sense. On one side I've put myself: a naval officer without much pay, shunted from one post to another, without permanency anywhere. On the other side I've put you: Fair Antler, lawyer, lecturer, noted feminist. Probably earning more than I am and marching steadily toward fame. It didn't balance. It left me discouraged.

"Still," he went on, "I've discovered there's a queer thing about love. It ignores—or shall I say it transcends?—common sense. It transcends even discouragement. It's the most insistent force I've ever known. . . . And so I—I'm proposing, Fair. I love you. I want you to marry me."

He ended in a husky voice, looking down at her earnestly. Fair was pale, unable immediately to reply. She walked in silence so long, thinking harried thoughts, that he said a little desperately:

"I'm not expecting you to give up everything you have in New York and start grubby housekeeping in the Canal Zone. I'll apply for a transfer. I think I can be back here in a month or two."

"Scott," she said, "it's not that." Her voice, too, was low. "I—I can't marry you."

She knew she was hurting him; and the very thought hurt her also. It came to her, on a rush of compassion, that Scott Newcomb deserved something better than this, a blunt refusal. Sadly she gazed up at his gaunt face, to see new lines gather around the corners of his mouth.

"Scott," she explained, "I can't hope to make you understand this. But I must say it. Long ago I determined to make my own way in life. Without obligation to any man. Alone! And so far I've done it. I've tried to disprove woman's dependence on man. . . . And I'm going on like this, Scott. I must!"

FOR a full minute, as they walked in moonlight unaware of the people about them, Scott Newcomb made no comment. His lips were tight. Finally he shook his head.

"If I didn't know you're an intelligent woman," he declared, "I'd say that's sheer nonsense."

"Not nonsense. Just something hard to explain—a feeling intensely personal, deep within myself." It was futile to tell him about Larry Cornish, who had wounded her so terribly that she had sworn she would never allow any other man the opportunity to hurt her again.

"Besides," Scott argued, reasonably enough, "you couldn't have been in earnest about a decision never to marry. After all, you did marry."

The words wrenched at her violently. She lifted wide eyes to his, and there was a flurry of panic in them. I've got to tell him the truth, she thought. I can't let him believe that, though I married some one else, I'm refusing him. He's too fine, too decent . . .

She was amazed by the low, rich steadiness of her voice when she said:

"No, Scott, I didn't marry!"

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WE, Champion Spark Plug dealers everywhere, extend to you this invitation to bring your car to one of us during National Spark Plug Change Week for a check-up of your spark plugs. We will test them, clean them, and show you how old, worn spark plugs waste gas and oil; why a new set of Champions will soon save their cost and insure quick starting, faster acceleration and all around better engine performance.

Our new Sillment-sealed Champion Spark Plugs permanently eliminate troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. We strongly urge every motorist, not using these new and improved Champions, to install a set now—especially if your present plugs have gone 10,000 miles or more—because even one "leaker" in a set can cause rough, uneven, and wasteful engine operation.

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He stared down at her. He started to say something; then, in confusion, let the words collapse.

"Andrea's father was killed in action," she explained quietly. "I think I should probably have married him if he had returned to me. But—he didn't."

They walked on—slowly and in tense silence. Two people in a spell. Fair's heart pounding. At last she heard Scott suck in a sharp breath.

"Well," he said shakily. "Well!"

"I—I was afraid it would shock you, Scott."

"I'll admit it surprised me."

"I've been hiding the family skeleton."

Scott Newcomb's voice became steady again: "Still, as I was saying when we were so strangely interrupted, I—I love you, Fair. I want you to marry me."

"Scott!"

"I wish you could see yourself in a mirror right now. Eyes shining, lips parted, hair wind-blown. . . . You're the loveliest person I've ever known."

She couldn't crush the sudden tears that welled up to dim her sight. Futile and meaningless tears, yet there they were. "Darling," she whispered, "now you—you're just being gallant!"

"Not gallant. Plain selfish. I want you."

"No, Scott—no."

He squeezed her arm. "The trouble is, you don't love me as I love you. And I can't blame you. We've known each other so short a time. My job henceforth will be to *make* you love me." He suddenly grinned. It was his habitual grin, easy and infectious. He made the fact that she had never been married to Andrea's father seem unimportant, even forgotten. "I'll have myself transferred back to New York as soon as possible, and then I intend to go to work on you in earnest. You know the navy. We never admit defeat."

She loved Scott then. For his generosity, for his decency. She had to lower her head so that he wouldn't see the silly tears. Yet time after time she continued telling herself that she must remain stanch in her resolution. Her life must prove woman's equality with man; woman's independence even of marriage. It was to this she had dedicated herself, and she mustn't stop . . . she mustn't surrender.

"Just watch for me," said Scott Newcomb, "when I return from the Canal Zone!"

THOUGH she had long ago ceased teaching at the Arleigh Academy for Girls, Fair still found it stimulating to spend an occasional evening with its principal.

Scott's mother regarded life with an intelligent perspective that somehow made you see your own problems in a new way. And she had, too, the sort of quiet, patient charm that comes only in late years. An astonishing person in many ways. Fair knew, for example, that she was on terms of intimate friendship with some of the most distinguished women of the day. Casually and without the slightest conceit, she would adorn her conversation with comments that had been written to her by Carrie Chapman Catt or Lillian Wald or Jane Addams or Helen Taft.

Ordinarily, when Fair dined with Mrs. Newcomb, they discussed such matters as the prospects of women in legal practice, or perhaps the influence of women in securing world disarmament. "For unless we use our vote to obtain human decencies and reform old evils," Mrs. Newcomb maintained, "we may as well not be voting at all."

On this particular evening, however—a couple of weeks after her son had sailed to the Canal Zone—Marjorie Newcomb pushed back her silvery hair, smiled, and observed:

"I understand Scott proposed to you and you turned him down."

Fair could feel a hot surprised flush flow into her cheeks. "I—I was turning down the whole idea of marriage," she said. "It wasn't just—Scott."

"Still as opposed to it as ever, aren't you?" Mrs. Newcomb murmured dubiously.

"Absolutely."

"Well, I'm afraid I'll never be able to agree you're

doing the right thing, Fair. I still hold the old-fashioned notion that it's *good* for a woman to be married. It's good for her to have some one to talk to, to live with, some one to curb her nonsense and encourage her abilities."

"But that isn't the way it works out," protested Fair.

"No?"

"When a man marries, he goes right on with his career. But a woman assumes a new job—a job that supersedes all others, whatever her work may have been. It's the job of looking after her family. The husband's career comes first after marriage. The woman lives only to help him."

"Isn't that putting the relationship pretty drastically?"

"Perhaps. Still, I've seen it happen too often to have any illusions about it."

Mrs. Newcomb remained skeptical; so Fair plunged on:

"Kate Lanier, for example. You remember Kate. She came to see me fairly often while I was teaching."

Mrs. Newcomb thoughtfully nodded. "A lovely and tempestuous creature . . ."

"A *brilliant* creature! She had the fires of a crusader in her heart. I used to think she was certain to achieve distinction in life. And Kate today—well, she's contentedly married, all right, but she has sacrificed all those fires which once burned in her. Something in her is dead."

"And you think she's the worse off for it?"

"Worse or better—that's a matter of individual preference. She probably has the sort of life she likes. But it isn't what *I* want. And I've got to live my *own* life."

Mrs. Newcomb considered this awhile. Then she smiled wistfully.

"I have an idea that some day you'll change your mind," she murmured. "Some day you'll come to see that you can marry a man without having him dominate your life as completely as you seem to fear. And when you do change your mind"—the smile became more intimate and understanding—"I hope it will be my Scott, dear. He—he's terribly in love with you. And as for me—I'm terribly fond of you both."

Fair knew a sense of discomfort, almost of contrition, that brought a frown to her eyes.

"You make me feel pretty stubborn," she confessed. "Even unreasonable—"

"Not at all, dear, not at all. Frankly, I'm proud to see a woman stand by her guns. Feeling as you do now, you mustn't compromise with your ideals. I'm simply hoping that some day those very *ideals* will change . . . that you'll come to take a more receptive attitude toward things that make life full and rich and satisfying."

"Those things," Fair said stanchly, "lie in my work."

"Some of them," Mrs. Newcomb conceded. "But there are others, my dear, that you'll never know until you break down and give love a chance . . . which is as trite a phrase as I've managed in years, and I thank heaven the girls of the school didn't hear their principal. . . . It's amazing, Fair, the things some of you young feminists can make old-timers like me say! And what's the *good* of our talking? You'll do as you please anyway. . . ."

ON an October morning, Fair Antler rose in a hushed courtroom to defend Joseph Cray, indicted for first-degree murder. She defended him against the forensics of a violent bushy-haired district attorney who appeared to regard the presence of a woman at the bar as a desecration of the law.

And that trial lifted Fair to a new kind of eminence.

For, curiously, it was she and not Cray who became its principal figure. The spectacle of a woman fighting to save a man from the electric chair was so radical a departure from tradition that it stirred swift public interest. Cray himself, a tawdry gambler of no particular importance, frightened, constantly rubbing his fat hands, was all but ignored by the newspapers. It was Fair who had to pause for photographers every time she entered the courtroom.

"Before the bench she stood, tall and confident, in

simple dark frocks that shunned fashionable slits," wrote one woman reporter, "questioning witnesses and addressing the jury without ever raising her voice. Not once did Miss Antler lose her poise. Sometimes, after the district attorney's harangues, the court seemed to find relief in turning to hear her subdued voice."

Only one person in the courtroom, however, fully appreciated the drama of a woman defending her father; and that, of course, was Frederick Antler. As for Joe Cray himself, he was too scared to appreciate anything.

Yet Frederick sat in endless terror. What if the district attorney, in delving into Cray's past, uncovered the story of Leona? The story of the child that had been given away for adoption during the Chicago World's Fair? Frederick waited in frightful tension. . . . The district attorney, however, was content merely to establish the fact that Cray had been a widower for more than twenty-five years, and so at last Frederick relaxed limply, in unutterable gratitude.

"Miss Antler based her defense on the assertion that the evidence against Joseph Cray was wholly circumstantial," the reporter continued. "It had never been proved, she argued, that Cray had so much as owned a revolver. And despite the surmises on the part of his accusers, she pointed out, not a single witness could swear that Joseph Cray had done the shooting. No one could be sure of it. To convict Cray, therefore, would be to send him to his death because of a number of guesses. . . ."

It proved a good defense. On the fifth day Cray was acquitted. What became of him after the trial, nobody could say. He pressed Fair's fingers in a hand that was cold and wet and shaking, then stumbled off through the crowds like a man half blind. Even the photographers made no serious efforts to interrupt his departure. They were too busy trying to take pictures of Fair, the first American woman lawyer, as far as any of them knew, to defend a man in a capital case.

But the following afternoon she saw Joe Cray again.

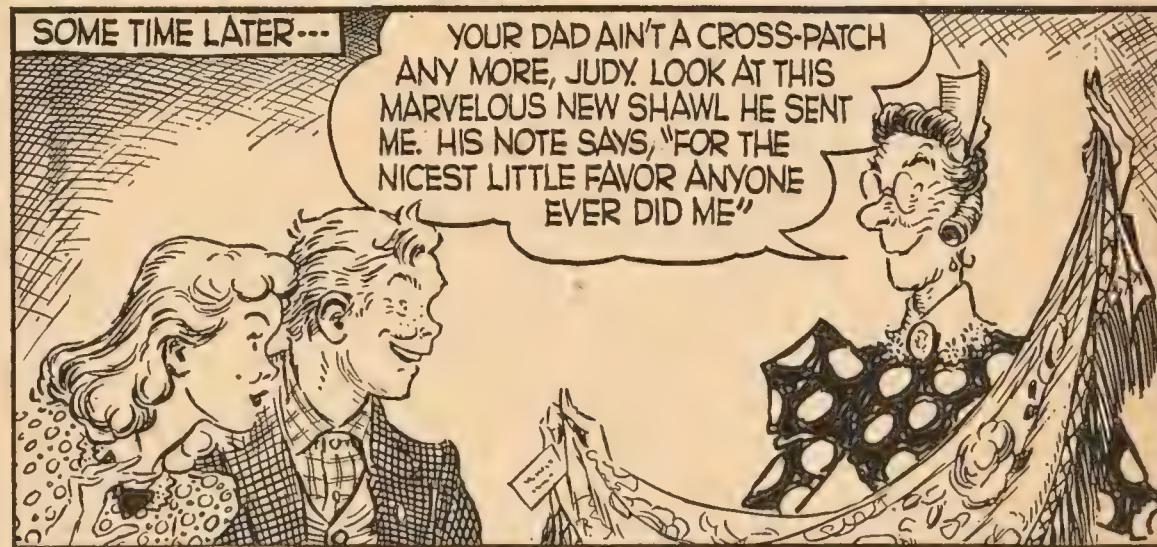
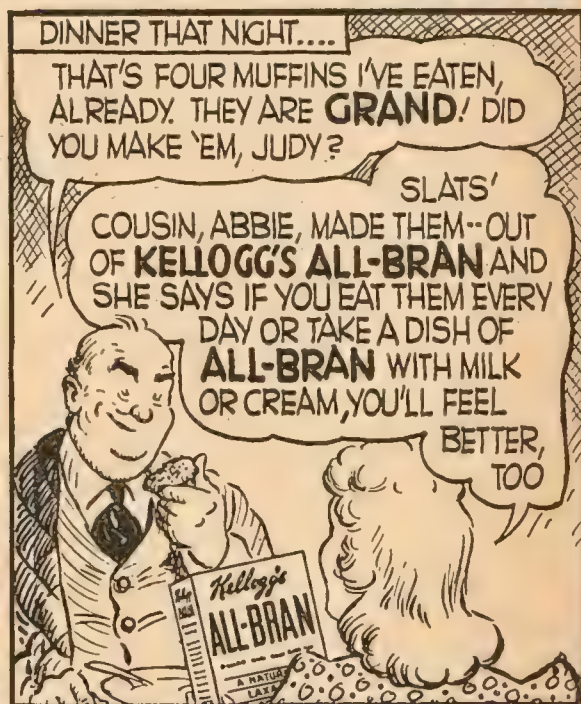
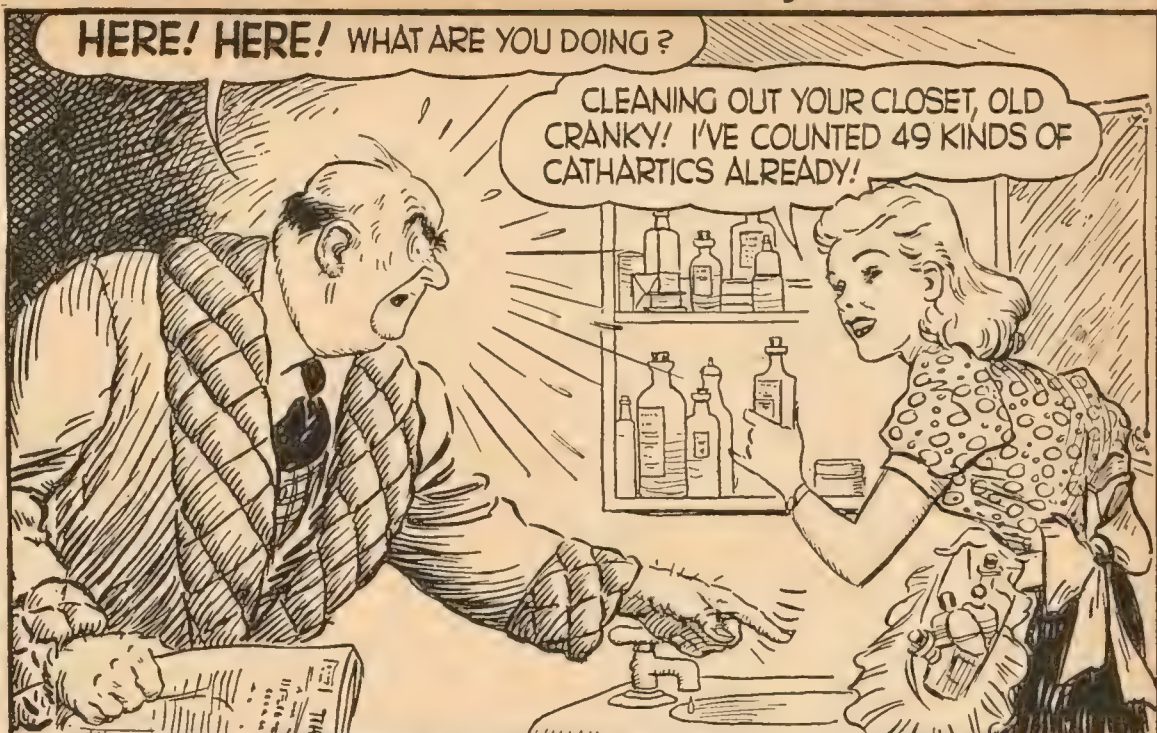
Do you think that Joe Cray will now reveal his close relationship to Fair? If he does, how will she take this terrible truth? Will it change her attitude toward Frederick? And how will Scott Newcomb's fate be affected in the final issue? There is a great crisis ahead before the drama ends in next week's Liberty.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆ by Oliver Swift

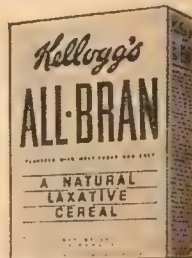
★★★ **DEMOCRACY WORKS** by Arthur Garfield Hays. Random House. A wise and searching review of our past and present; and the resulting conclusions should cheer the heart of any believer in democracy.

ABBIE AN' SLATS

—by Raeburn Van Buren



HOW some folks are surprised when they learn about All-Bran's "better way"! But why endure constipation—and emergency medicines, too—when a delicious natural cereal can get at the cause of the trouble and keep you regular, day after day? It can do that for you if your trouble is the common one—lack of "bulk" in the diet. Eat this crunchy toasted cereal with milk or cream every day, drink plenty of water, and see if your life isn't brighter! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.



Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

It is curious how the most casual incident can change a man's life. Two weeks ago Don Lopez was a well-to-do farmer in Iowa. He had no more idea of crossing the Atlantic Ocean than he had of becoming President of the United States. And here he was, reclining in a deck chair, two days out of New York, cogitating over the strange letter that had been instrumental in taking him to the Old World. The foreign-postmarked letter read:

Señor Don Lopez.
My dear Cousin,

Although we do not know each other, my grandfather often spoke of our relations in America. His younger brother left Spain for the United States many years ago and settled in the Middle West. In the few letters he wrote home, he spoke of the province Iowa, and I am sure we must be cousins. Now why I am writing to you is that I am in terrible trouble.

We are in a bad civil war here in Spain and I have been taken by the opposing politicians and put in jail. I have not been shot with the others because I have much money hidden away that my enemies want to get. The money belonged to a political party, of which I was treasurer, and I know if I give up this money, which is dollars 200,000, I will be killed like the others.

In the jail one of the keepers is friendly with me and he will help me to escape for a bribe, dollars 3,000. If you can mercifully raise this amount to save my life, we will go together to the place where I have buried the money, and we will divide it between us, you to take half and I half. My poor sick father will meet you in Gibraltar and lead you to where I am.

If I am liquidated before you can arrive, I will send a letter to my father, through my friend, telling where this money is hidden. You will please get it and I know you will honestly give my father his share. Send a cable to the address I give you, saying when you will arrive.

Your unhappy cousin,
JOSÉ LOPEZ.

Don was a young man of twenty-four, bashful, homely, and artless. His inferiority complex was so pronounced that he had very few close friends.

On board ship, aside from the usual commonplaces, he had spoken to nobody. True, he had been on the verge of speaking to one woman, but at the critical moment he had completely lost his courage. She was beautiful, with the most wonderful golden hair, and once, Don thought, she had smiled at him.

A grin appeared on his face as he tried to visualize what a difference it would make to a fellow's self-esteem if he had a hundred thousand dollars salted away.

"Well, old chap, you seem pleased with yourself!"

Don straightened up as the man in the adjoining chair addressed him.

Colonel Armstrong was an excellent conversationalist, and discussed weather, bridge, and the ladies with equal facility.

"Guess it's teatime," the colonel remarked, after half an hour's talk. "Have to join my wife in the saloon. Come along and take tea—or a cocktail."

The colonel stopped at a table and introduced Don to the two ladies, Mrs. Armstrong and—his dream girl—Miss Lucille Lee.

The colonel's wife, voluble and bridge-minded, suggested a game before dinner, but Miss Lee, who was as sweet as she was pretty, hinted that possibly Mr. Lopez did not play bridge or had some other engagement.



As the colonel shuffled the cards on the next deal, a number of them fell to the floor. Don helped to retrieve them.

For bridge fans! A tale of a knave, 2 hearts, and a quick trick that failed

No, Mr. Lopez had no engagement and did play bridge, although not too well.

They played a few rubbers. The colonel's bidding was atrocious. He had a leaning toward psychics, especially an opening of one on a void or singleton suit. Miss Lee played excellently and, at only quarter-cent points, won twelve dollars.

That evening and the following day Don and the young lady were together a great deal. After dinner the sea roughened up a bit, and the colonel retired to his stateroom.

Don and Miss Lee were having coffee in the lounge when Mrs. Armstrong came along and said the colonel had suggested a bridge game in their room.

"He does not like a rolling sea," laughed Mrs. Armstrong. "The worse he feels, the worse he will bid, so we had better play a set game. I am sure that you and Mr. Lopez will beat us, unless we hold all the aces and kings."

Don was delighted with this arrangement, and they went to the Armstrongs' stateroom.

The colonel was playing solitaire, with a bottle of champagne cooling at his side.

"This is fine," he said cheerily, as he helped himself to a glass of wine. "Have some?"

"Not so soon after dinner," replied Lucille, as they sat down and started the game.

By the famous bridge maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ



ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL BERRY

"You wouldn't bet you can make the odd trick in clubs, with your hand?"

The colonel laid his cards on the table and poured out another glass of wine.

"Lucille," he said, "just before you came in, Mrs. Armstrong inveigled me into giving her my check for five thousand dollars as a donation to her prize charity. It's for an indignant—or is it indigent?—old ladies' home. I am perfectly willing to get the money back, or lose another five thousand, if you can beat me on this hand."

Lucille looked her cards over and passed them to Don, as she asked:

"May I?"

"Sure thing," said the colonel. "Maybe he would like to lose some money too."

Don glanced at Lucille's cards and nearly fell off his chair.

She held:

♠ K J
♥ A K
♦ A K Q
♣ A K Q J 10 9

Even if the colonel held the balance of the trumps, Lucille, having the lead, could draw all but one and force the last trump with any of her top cards. It was evident that money meant little to a man who could give five thousand dollars to charity as though it were chicken feed.

Don had the rescue money in brand-new hundred-dollar bills, and it occurred to him that he had very little money for other expenses. Two thousand dollars would be a great help.

He took out his wallet and counted twenty bills.

"I have three thousand dollars here, but I'll bet two thousand of it," he said.

"Better take the three thousand," said the colonel.

"No," said Lucille, "I'll take the balance."

She led the ace of clubs, and Mrs. Armstrong laid down her dummy hand as she remarked:

"I think I should have bid hearts on this hand, but you have been making such terrible calls that you had me all fussed."

"It's all right," said the colonel. "I'm glad you passed. We should have no trouble in making one club."

And he didn't—with this distribution:

♠ A Q 8
♥ Q 10 8 6 5 3
♦ J 10 8 4
♣ NONE
(MRS. ARMSTRONG)

♠ K J		N.	♠ 9 6
♥ A K			♥ J 9 7 4 2
♦ A K Q			♦ 9 7 6 5 3 2
♣ A K Q J 10 9	W. E.		♣ NONE
(LUCILLE)		S.	(DON)

♠ 10 7 5 4 3 2
♥ NONE
♦ NONE
♣ 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
(COLONEL ARMSTRONG)

Even at the small stakes they were playing, the colonel's aggressive bidding quickly piled up large penalty deficits. On a redoubled hand Don and Lucille won their second rubber, with two overtricks.

The wine was not helping the colonel's game. As he clumsily shuffled the cards on the next deal, a number of them fell to the floor. Don helped to retrieve them and Mrs. Armstrong voiced the standard platitude:

"My dear, can't you even deal?"

"It's the beastly rolling of the ship," alibied the colonel as he glanced at his hand and bid, "One club."

Lucille and Mrs. Armstrong passed. Don looked at his worthless cards, and was puzzled that the bidding had stopped at such an insignificant declaration. However, he passed, and Lucille eyed the colonel reproachfully as she said:

"You certainly trapped me with that psychic bid, colonel. I thought, of course, that your partner would keep the auction open, and then I could catch you. I have a sure game hand, with a probable slam, and I can only sting you fifty points a trick."

"That's what you think," growled the colonel. "When I bid, I make 'em."

Lucille laughed merrily as she said:

Whether Lucille made her six trumps at once, or forced the colonel to trump a heart or a diamond, she could win only six tricks, because of the baffling position of the spade suit.

DON sat in his deck chair and talked to the stars. He had lost his money and there was nothing left for him to do but send a wireless to his bank at home. He



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DON'T ignore the early warnings of Dry Scalp if you want to keep your hair good-looking. If your hair is dry, brittle, hard to comb . . . if your scalp feels tight and itchy, sheds dry dandruff scales . . . it is time to do something about it.

First of all, every morning supplement the natural scalp oils with a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. See how much more natural-looking it leaves your hair—how much easier to comb! Then before each shampoo give your scalp a thorough massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. This stimulates the circulation and tends to counteract dryness.

Remember—'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is *different*. It contains no drying ingredients. It requires no messy dousing . . . and it will start to work improvement in the look and feel of your hair right away. Get a bottle today.



A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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went to the elevator, and as he pushed the button he saw a lady's handbag lying on the floor. He picked it up and started for the purser's office, to turn it in. Then he stopped. The bag looked familiar. He opened it and saw a powder case, a large number of brand-new hundred-dollar bills, and a dainty lace handkerchief. There was no mistaking the delicate scent. It was Lucille's.

He hastened to her stateroom and knocked on the door. "Yes?" came her voice.

"It's Don," he said. "I have something belonging to you."

She opened the door and Don handed her the bag.

"Where did you get it?" she inquired.

"I picked it up off the floor, near the elevator."

"How did you know it belonged to me?" she inquired.

"I opened it and—" Don hesitated.

"Well?" Her voice was hard and bitter. "Did you find—my card?"

"No," replied Don, "but something just as good. Your handkerchief, and I recognized the perfume."

"Come in and sit down for a minute," she said. "Did the money you lost this evening mean very much to you?"

"Yes," he answered. "I was taking it to Spain to save a man's life."

"Tell me about it," she coaxed.

"Here," said Don, reaching in his pocket and taking out the letter. "Read this and you will have the whole story."

AFTER she had finished reading, she cried:

"Don Lopez, do you mean to tell me that you fell for the old Spanish-prison racket? Why, it's been worked for years! They get you over there and steal your money. If you put up a fight, they simply knock you on the head, and your body is found floating in the ocean."

"Oh, no!" said the bewildered man. "I can't believe it. How could they get my name and address?"

"Very simple," Lucille answered. "They have agents collect telephone books and select a number of Spanish-sounding names. If your name had happened to be Villa, you would have found a 'cousin' by that name."

"I still feel you must be mistaken," said Don. "When I found your purse, I was on my way to the wireless office to send a cable to my bank, instructing them to mortgage or sell my farm and cable me the money. It would be awful to permit this poor fellow to lose his life."

"Don, you are impossible! When you opened my bag, did you notice the money I had?" asked Lucille.

"Of course," Don replied. "But I wouldn't think of borrowing money from a woman."

"Did it ever occur to you," said Lucille, "that the bridge game might have been—let us say—slightly tainted?"

"What do you mean?" asked Don.

"That the colonel and his wife—yes, even Lucille Lee, are common cardsharps. When you picked up the cards the colonel so adroitly dropped, he switched the decks. The cards you returned to him he palmed and dropped into his lap."

"Why are you telling me this, Lucille?"

"Because I won't have you lose your money and—get yourself killed," she answered.

"My dear," said Don, taking her hand, "do you believe in love at first sight? I know you never could love me, but . . ."

"I do love you, Don," said Lucille, as she kissed him, "and I knew I would have to kiss you first," she added.

"You will come back to Iowa with me?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course, silly," she answered, as she nestled in his arms.

"We can be married by the captain," said Don.

"You will—you want to—Don, it's your turn to kiss me."

After a long minute:

"Sweetheart," said Don, "will you tell me one thing? How did you come to love me?"

"All my life I've wanted to meet a really truly honest man. Compared to you, Don, Diogenes was the Al Capone of Greece."

THE END



READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MOST of the great detectives of song and story have been individualists. From Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes to Anthony Abbot's Thatcher Colt—through that long and honorable list which includes G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown, Dashiell Hammett's Nick Charles, and S. S. Van Dine's Philo Vance—the master sleuth has usually solved his problems “on his own.”

J. Edgar Hoover, if he wished, could be that kind of individualistic detective. He knows all the answers, and is quite capable of asking all the questions. But Mr. Hoover is dealing not with one crime but with many, not in one locality but throughout a world in which time and distance, if not wholly eliminated, have been brought narrowly near to the vanishing point. The thug who commits a murder in New York on Monday may commit another in Kansas City Tuesday morning, or in Los Angeles, or in Miami.

The world moves, and the criminal moves with it. And the master detective who hopes to catch him must have some one there to meet him when he arrives.

That precisely is what J. Edgar Hoover and his special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—G-men to you and me and a hundred million more grateful and admiring Americans—have added to the technique of crime detection. They have added the invaluable element of team play.

All for one and one for all, and one and all for the protection of the life and the property of the average American—that is the spirit which Hoover has instilled into his G-men, and that is the foundation principle on which their success rests.

That is why in every G-man story there is not one hero but several, usually several dozen, sometimes several hundred. No one of them is one-hundred-per-cent

spotlight, but all of them are one hundred per cent on the job. And there is no case in the voluminous files of the F. B. I. that proves this point more conclusively than the \$2,000,000 robberies of the United States Trust Company and the Bank of the Manhattan Company in the winter of 1934 and 1935.

The United States Trust Company, at 45 Wall Street, New York City, is one of the oldest, one of the most conservative, one of the most aged-in-the-wood banking houses in the Western world. When, therefore, it was discovered that, one day in December, 1934, shortly before high noon, a light-fingered member of the Sneak

Thieves' Guild had not only entered the sacred precincts, but had reached through the cashier's window and neatly removed \$590,000 in United States Treasury notes without any one observing it, the solemn bigwigs of the bank were not a little put out.

The second scene in this amazing drama was played forty-five days later in a broker's waiting room on the twenty-fifth floor of 48 Wall

Street. On stage was the tried-and-true messenger of another grand old financial institution, the Bank of the Manhattan Company. He carried a black leather wallet containing \$1,456,000 in securities, mostly United States Treasury notes. He was to deliver the securities in exchange for a check to be drawn by the brokerage firm.

While waiting for his check, the messenger stepped out of line at the security cage, went to a near-by window, placed the wallet on the window ledge, and secured it against any possible theft by fixing it firmly with his right elbow and leaning heavily upon it.

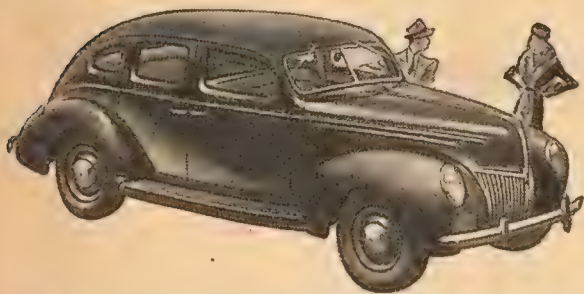
Suddenly from the cage came the voice of the delivery clerk, asking the messenger a question. Instinctively he straightened up to answer. He took a step or two forward. When he leaned back again on his elbow, the wallet was gone.

The Ghost of Wall Street had struck again.

Science and patience win!—From the G-men's files: an eye-opening tale of new cures for old crimes

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

THE WAY TO BUY A FORD



Ask Your FORD Dealer for UNIVERSAL Credit Plans

Universal terms are as liberal as you desire. You pick a plan of payments in keeping with your income.

Your Ford dealer makes all arrangements—in one place, at one time, day or night. Broad insurance coverage for your protection included!

This reliable, 10-year-old method of buying a Ford "on time" has helped more than 4,000,000 customers! Low in cost. Convenient.

Universal Plans establish your credit nationally. 155 "Universal" offices and all Ford dealers are at your service in time of fire, theft, collision—even away from home!

Write Dept. L-10 for free booklets on judging Used Car values and financing car purchases.



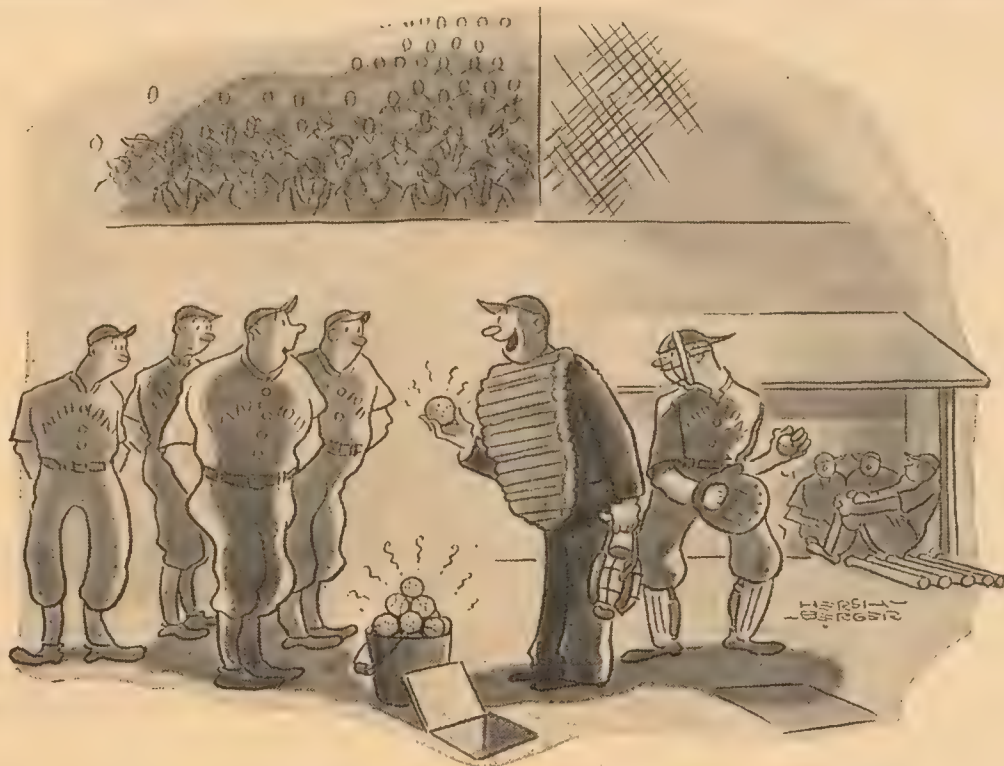
**UNIVERSAL
CREDIT COMPANY**
Detroit, Michigan

Now, sneak thievery is not generally considered big business; but it is evident from these examples that the game, played in the right place and for the right stakes, might become a tidy little source of income—and it would, if it weren't for the presence in our national life of the Department of Justice's Federal Bureau of Investigation, John Edgar Hoover, Director.

In New York City particularly, at the time of which we are writing, sneak thievery not only was big business in itself but enjoyed the co-operation of a vast underworld distributing system—operated chiefly by otherwise unemployed ex-beer barons

for transactions between the passer and the original thief. It is usually necessary, therefore, for the G-men to wait until the "hot" security comes to light—sometimes six months, sometimes longer—then to find the passer, then by surveillance of the passer to find the middleman, and then by surveillance of the middleman to find the thief.

In this case things didn't work out just that way. The first passer arrested wouldn't, and the first victim interviewed couldn't, give any information as to the sources of their securities. But in February, 1936, more than a year after the original thefts, the Central Hanover Bank and



"Perfumed baseballs today, boys. It's ladies day!"

and ex-alky kings—whereby stolen securities could be sent through well oiled channels out of the locality where they were known to be "hot," to security markets throughout the world.

There were in this trade three well defined types of individuals.

First, there was the thief who actually committed the crime. We have already seen him in action, or rather we haven't seen him—a split-second artist of the touch-and-go.

"I could steal a teller from his cage," boasted one of the men suspected of taking the \$590,000 from the United States Trust Company, "and the officers of the bank wouldn't know he was gone until pay day came around again."

So skillful are these super-pick-pockets that they are seldom caught in the act. To bring them to justice it is necessary to take the long, hard, roundabout road of tracing the securities themselves as they gradually make their appearance, back through the hands of the other two principal factors in the stolen-security racket, the passer and the middleman.

The former sells the phony bonds or notes to the public or discounts them at unsuspecting banks. The middleman acts as a sort of broker

Trust Company of New York City received an inquiry from Clark M. Cavenee, a well known investment counsel, as to the negotiability of \$245,000 in United States Treasury notes. The description of these notes furnished by Mr. Cavenee indicated that these were part of the booty stolen from the Bank of the Manhattan Company.

Here was pay dirt. Mr. Cavenee was an alert and thoroughly reputable business man. He wouldn't be wasting his time or his bank's time about securities that didn't exist. But Cavenee, by the time the bank reported the incident, had sailed on a West Indies cruise.

A G-man thereupon hopped a plane, and was waiting for him at Havana.

Mr. Cavenee knew discouragingly little about the \$245,000. He had made the inquiry in the ordinary course of business at the request of an office associate, Aurelio Pescara, who, it subsequently appeared, had been acting on behalf of one of his countrywomen, Pia Maria Ferraris.

"The Marchioness from Monte Carlo," as Pia was known in the circle in which she glittered, had approached Mr. Pescara in November, 1935, for advice. A friend of hers, she said, had recently died, leaving a large bundle of securities in an old suitcase, and

she wished to know if they possessed any market value. Pescara relayed the inquiry to Cavenee, and Cavenee relayed it to the bank. That was their only part in the transaction.

Pia was, it seems, the only person likely to possess information that might be helpful to the G-men. She was at the moment in Europe, but was due back in New York in March. So, without arousing suspicion, the G-men availed themselves of the interval to make a complete study of the lady's background, especially her social background in New York.

The friend who had recently died was soon identified as Anthony De Pasquale, whose name had been linked with that of Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Manhattan vice lord, and who had been shot to death on a hot July night in 1935 at the corner of Hester and Mott Streets in what was apparently a gangland war. More promising for the purposes of this investigation was the news that since De Pasquale's demise, Pia Maria had been seen frequently in the company of one David Frank, described by the F. B. I. as "the maker of a horse-race book, residing in New York City."

The G-men maintained an appropriate surveillance over Frank pending Pia's return, and on March 26 mingled inconspicuously in the gay welcoming party that was waiting at the dock.

PIA'S story was that during her acquaintance with De Pasquale, she had overheard a conversation between him and Frank about the stolen Bank of the Manhattan Company's securities; and after De Pasquale's death she had been requested by Frank to make inquiries in regard to them of Mr. Pescara who, Frank had discovered, was well connected in financial circles. The story of the old suitcase was apparently merely window dressing. Anyhow, the Marchioness from Monte Carlo professed to have no knowledge as to the location of the \$245,000.

On the latter point David Frank was a bit more helpful. The only information he had about the notes apparently came from the dead De Pasquale, and the only interest he, Frank, had in them was, he said, to return them to their rightful owner, the Bank of the Manhattan Company, and obtain the five-per-cent reward offered by the surety companies.

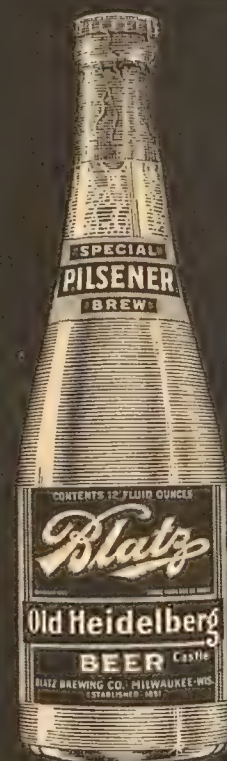
What he did say, however—and this was the nugget of priceless value which Pia Maria Ferraris had brought indirectly to the G-men—was that De Pasquale had told him that this large block of securities was cached somewhere in the metropolitan district, either in downtown Manhattan or in the eastern part of New Jersey.

This information, coinciding as it did with other results of the G-men's investigative activities, together with De Pasquale's reputed connection with Luciano and the big-time New York crooks, led them to keep a close

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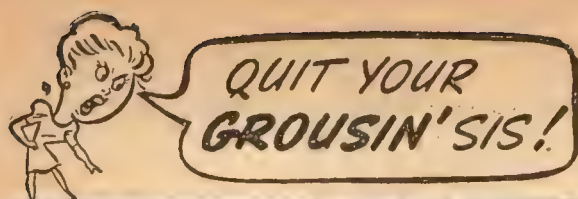
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EXQUISITE BEER"





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-Flush them out!

NO USE COMPLAINING about sore, creaky muscles! Just rout those poisonous fatigue acids that make your muscles ache and throb. Absorbine Jr. will do the trick! Accepted laboratory tests proved it speeds the blood through muscles to flush out the acids. Works fast to limber you up. Splash it on after heavy work and 2 or 3 times a day. At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle.

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AND LOOK YOUR
BEST!**



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watch on all of the last-named gentry at large.

Special agents of the F. B. I. were, as a matter of fact, already on the trail of one such individual, Joseph Bernava, alias John Forono, alias Joseph Gatalano, alias Bodelle, who maintained a luxuriously furnished Manhattan penthouse as his year-round residence, but who was wintering, in 1936, at Miami Beach. The G-men's surveillance of Bernava bore immediate fruit, and of the luscious Florida variety, for he was found to be negotiating with two notorious Chicago gangsters, the brothers Di Grassi, for the sale of a United States Treasury note of the princely denomination of \$100,000.

Bernava was a small compact man—smooth, swarthy, sharp-eyed, composed. He wore expensive Broadway clothing in the expansive Broadway manner, and surrounded himself, as is the habit of big-shot gangsters, with yes-men, would-be tough guys and underworld hangers-on. Rocco Di Grassi, the older of the brothers, was known in Chicago, back in the Capone days, as "the Wolf." George Di Grassi was a thinner, weaker, better-looking miniature reproduction of his heavy-jowled brother.

The deal between these unsavory characters apparently jelled, for suddenly George Di Grassi sailed for Nassau, in the Bahamas, with the idea of cashing the big note with bootlegging interests on that island. First off, prospects looked rosy. Di Grassi reported that he thought he could dispose of two such notes. So Bernava, still in Miami and greatly pleased with the prospect of doubling his profits, communicated at once by telephone with New York.

This was the break for which the G-men had been waiting for more than two years.

Bernava, although believed to be a big-time racketeer and therefore a good man to keep an eye on, was in this transaction only a passer; but his friend in New York, it appeared from the telephone conversation, was not only a middleman but one who was operating on a big-time scale.

HERE we begin to see the advantage of teamwork and organization applied to the detection and punishment of crime.

The New York office of the F. B. I. lost no time in getting on this individual's trail, which led, curiously enough, to a comfortable suburban home in Rockville Centre, Long Island, occupied by an eminently respectable-looking couple named Hartman.

Now, life, even in Rockville Centre, is not always what it seems. The tall, soft-spoken, quiet-mannered man who lived in that comfortable home was "Charlie the Barber," regarded by wise Broadwayites as the king of the stolen-securities world, and the apparently thoroughly domesticated woman who lived with him was Anita Erlich, former paramour of Charles "Lucky" Luciano.

In short, by skillful use of the twin principles of organization and cooperation—and J. Edgar Hoover has proved himself a past master of both—the G-men had come at last to the top-flight members of the gang that ruled underworld New York.

The business deal between Bernava and Hartman was soon concluded. Benjamin Espy, a Bernava trusty, was dispatched to New York. Charlie the Barber was to meet him on the morning of April 3 at the Wentworth Hotel in New York to make delivery of the big note. When he showed up, he was immediately arrested by special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. On his person was found the \$100,000 certificate.

Investigation of Hartman's activities led the G-men to one Walter O. Evans, commonly known as "Spilly," who had been associated with Hartman for many years. After his arrest, Evans boasted openly of his skill, and maintained that he, not Hartman, was the most extensive operator in the stolen-securities market.

BOTH had the reputation of being triple threats, equally adept in all three branches of the stolen-securities trade. Both men were also drug addicts in the active stage. Spilly Evans' legs and abdomen were so calloused from the effect of hypodermic needles that it was almost impossible to make another perforation of the skin. Moreover, both men boasted that they had always been able to buy their way to freedom whenever taken into custody. A telephone conversation between Evans and his wife revealed his realization of the futility of attempting such methods with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He was, he told her, "buried by the Feds."

During this part of the investigation the G-men succeeded, with Hartman's help, in recovering still another \$100,000 note. As yet, however, there was no trace of the larger cache which they had been hopeful of locating after their talks with David Frank and Pia Maria Ferraris.

Meanwhile affairs had not been going so smoothly in Miami. Not only did Bernava fail to secure the second \$100,000 note but the brothers Di Grassi refused to give back the first one. George Di Grassi had long since returned from Nassau and was living with his brother in Miami. The deal with the island bootleggers had evidently fallen through, if there had ever been one. The brothers were sitting pretty. They had the note. Bernava had the experience.

But Bernava also had power. Word began to seep out of gangland strongholds in New York, Chicago, and St. Paul that the "finger" was on the Di Grassis. In the opinion of the G-men, who were watching closely, it was only a question of time when a gang killing would blot out the Di Grassis in Miami, just as it had Anthony De Pasquale in New York. They were not surprised, therefore, when they observed the notorious brothers tool-

ing off to Kelsey City, Florida, where they rented a small house, put in a quantity of canned goods, and obviously prepared to "hole in" until the storm was over.

The "hole in" didn't work. The G-men found that \$100,000 Treasury certificate in a glass vial hidden in a bag of Lima beans on the top shelf of the kitchen cabinet in the Kelsey City house.

So \$300,000 of the more than \$2,000,000 loot was now back in the vaults of the two big New York banks. But where, oh, where was the other \$1,700,000?

The great Manhattan stolen-securities case now went into its second, or laboratory, stage.

On March 27, while some of his special agents were watching the wolf-eat-wolf game going on in Miami, Director J. Edgar Hoover received a communication from the Treasury Department to the effect that one of its \$10,000 notes which had come in for redemption bore a serial number which did not check on the Treasury lists with any note of that denomination ever issued by the government.

Obviously, Mr. Hoover figured, the original serial number must have been obliterated and a new number substituted. So his keen analytical mind went immediately to the possibility that this might be another of the stolen securities.

THE Federal Bureau of Investigation is quite accustomed to tamperings of this kind, done in order to take securities out of the "hot" class. In fact, altering serial numbers is one of the allied arts of the stolen-securities racket. Men who specialize in this work are so skillful that the altered certificates defy detection by the naked eye or by the ordinary processes of photography. To meet this situation, the technical laboratory of the F. B. I. in the Department of Justice Building at Washington has developed a series of tests which are as ingenious as they are reliable.

First is the microscopic examination, which reveals, among other things, the manner in which the fibers of the paper were disturbed or disarranged, whether by chemical means or by rubber erasers and sharp instruments, during the obliteration of the original numbers. A second procedure is to examine the certificate under filtered ultraviolet light, which discloses with great clarity whether or not the numbers have been removed by chemical means. And the third and final, and by all means the most interesting, step is to make a photographic copy of the security by using an infra-red filter and a plate sensitized to infra-red light.

Each method has its points. The microscope sometimes detects minute particles of red ink—the certificates we have been talking about have red serial numbers against a background of fine horizontal green lines—which the thieves have failed completely to



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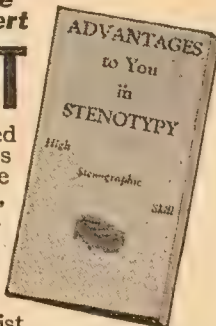
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remove, and frequently it is possible to reconstruct the genuine serial number of the security. The ultraviolet light frequently reveals a difference in fluorescence between the areas tampered with and the rest of the certificate. But the results obtained by the infra-red, in cases where the numbers have been removed by mechanical means, are even more startling. The original serial numbers stand out almost as clearly as they did before the process of obliteration was undertaken.

The explanation, once you have heard it, is simple.

The tamperer, in scratching out the red figures, necessarily breaks the tiny horizontal green lines on which they rest, and in a manner which clearly defines the outline of the original digits. In short, he makes white figures appear where the red figures used to be. Then he takes green ink and connects the broken edges of the delicate green lines, and thus presents a surface which appears, even to the expert eye, to be identical with the rest of the certificate.

But to the infra-red camera it doesn't appear identical at all. The color of the green ink he has used may be the same as the color of the ink the government used, but the chemical composition of the new ink is different. The two inks, therefore, absorb the infra-red light to different degrees. The connecting lines, so carefully inserted by the tamperer, photograph one way; the rest of the surface of the certificate photographs another way.

In other words, Mr. Crook, the G-men will get you, even if you do watch out!

AS to this particular \$10,000 Treasury note, Mr. Hoover's suspicions were abundantly confirmed. Not only had the genuine serial number been removed and a bogus one substituted, but the genuine number, when developed by the technical laboratory of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, showed it to be part of the Bank of the Manhattan Company haul.

There followed the long, tedious business of tracing this note back through all the negotiable channels through which it had passed in various parts of the country. Then, to the surprise of every one—except, of course, Mr. Hoover, who has long since ceased to be surprised at anything—the trail led at last to a mousy little man of the bookkeeper type, one Gabriel Marosi, who had no criminal record of any kind and apparently had never been engaged in practices outside the law.

In the early spring of 1936, while the Bernava mob was still sunning itself on the beach at Miami, Marosi obtained a loan of \$9,000 from the Chemical Bank and Trust Company of New York City, and put up this \$10,000 Treasury note as collateral.

It developed, however, under investigation by special agents of the F. B. I., that Marosi hadn't been acting for himself in this matter, but for

one Earl Frederick Palmer, a former employer, and that as soon as he got outside the bank he turned over the proceeds of the loan to that person; and he was subsequently acquitted of guilt in the transaction by a federal jury.

Palmer turned out to be fat, bespectacled, pudgy-handed, perspiring, with a couple of unnecessary chins and a high-pitched voice. He looked as if he ought to be dressed in short velvet pants and a lace-ruffled shirt and armed with a large strawberry lollipop. He had been getting around fairly lively though, in spite of his weight, for he admitted having personally cashed six similarly altered \$10,000 notes at other banks—one of them, ironically enough, at a branch of the very bank from which it had originally been stolen!

OTHER altered notes began to turn up in various localities—once again proving the advantage of having not one detective but many to protect us from the depredations of the modern criminal.

One, which had been negotiated through a well known brokerage house in Washington, D. C., led to a band of Greek middlemen and passers. One of their leaders rejoiced in such aliases as Mihipoulis and Theodoracopoulos. Another called himself Papadopoulos. Then there was our old friend, John Economopolous, who was involved, as Liberty readers may remember, in the Marios Gonzales abduction case.

There was also a bunch of boys who lived precariously on the fringe of big-time gangdom in New York, who undertook to sell two \$100,000 Treasury notes to one Morris Roisner, a St. Paul racketeer.

The Greeks succeeded in marketing \$85,000 of the stolen securities before the G-men caught up with them. Their scheme was to promote some stooge into a respectable tradesman in a chosen locality by means of neatly printed business cards, etc., then to have him open several bank accounts with money furnished by them, and finally, after he had passed a Treasury note or two at each bank, close out the accounts for the benefit of their own pocketbooks.

The G-men got them all except two, Spanos and Zoubailakis, who fled to foreign countries, and in whose cases extradition efforts are now pending, and the elusive John Economopolous, who is out on bail after two arrests in connection with the operations of this Greek mob.

The New York boys' methods were more routine. The big racketeer from the West showed an interest in these stolen goods, and the boys, unaware that the G-men had both them and their prospective customer under minute surveillance, made a date to meet him at a hotel in the Pennsylvania Station district to deliver to him a certain baggage check and a certain key.

The G-men took Roisner—who, by the way, is a former student of Minnesota University Law School—into

custody, found the baggage check and the key in his hotel room, went over to the Pennsylvania Station and recovered a small black zipper bag which contained, along with several magazines and newspapers, two of the \$100,000 notes which had been stolen from the Bank of the Manhattan Company.

The recovered securities—thanks to the G-men's gift for being everywhere at the same time—were now approaching the three-quarters-of-a-million mark; but still there was no trace of what Hoover and his men felt sure would prove to be the main cache of the sneak thieves' loot—not only the \$245,000 which Pia Maria Ferraris had told them about, but probably a great deal more—which was located in downtown Manhattan or over on the Jersey side.

And then, as if to prove that modern crime detection must be the result of world-wide co-operation, the final tip-off came by way of Paris, France.

In February, 1936, while Joe Bernava and the Di Grassi boys were still enjoying the freedom of Miami Beach, the Federal Bureau of Investigation learned that one Meyer Frankenberg, a pickpocket of no importance but with a criminal record three pages in length, had gone to London to negotiate the sale of approximately \$500,000 worth of the securities stolen from the Bank of the Manhattan Company messenger.

Here was a lead.

Frankenberg, it was learned, was doing business with two European crooks, Bernard Klein and Jacob Schwarz, who were promptly apprehended by the Police Judiciare of Paris with \$440,000 of the wanted securities in their possession.

Neither Klein nor Schwarz had ever been in the United States, and the National Stolen Property Act is not one of the laws included in the treaty of extradition with France, so their punishment was left to the Parisian courts. The stolen securities, however, were brought back to the United States by a representative of the F. B. I.

The G-men had been busy, you may be sure, checking

up on Meyer Frankenberg, and had uncovered what they believed to be the true story of the black leather wallet stolen from the Manhattan Company messenger on January 28, 1935.

Frankenberg, after a not too successful season as a race-track bookmaker, was, in the winter of 1934-35, wholly broke, so in desperation he turned to his old vocation of pickpocket, and began haunting the New York financial district in the hope of easy money. That was why, so the G-men believe, he was in the brokerage office on the twenty-fifth floor of 48 Wall Street when the bank messenger took his elbow off the wallet, and why, in two seconds, Frankenberg, with the wallet, was in the elevator.

He had qualified, in less time than it takes to pronounce his name, as the Ghost of Wall Street.

Continuing according to this theory, he spent his last nickel to get uptown. In a secluded section of Central Park he opened the wallet and found, to his amazement, that he was a millionaire. Then fear overtook him. If the big boys, "the wise guys of Broadway," realized that he, a mere pickpocket and race-track hanger-on, had that much dough, they would surely hijack him and it. So, working through some of his racing pals, he sold a portion of the booty to powerful underworld interests for a reputed \$8,000 in ready cash, and beat it to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for a much needed rest.

Now the question was: How much more of the stolen millions did this cheap common-or-garden type of thief still have, and where did he keep it?

But Meyer Frankenberg wasn't telling. He knew he was caught in the G-men's meshes on this French thing, and he was prepared to take the rap. Beyond that, nothing.

But, having made his confession, by pleading guilty to federal indictments, he also made one last desperate attempt to conserve the balance of his "fortune" by sending a note to his attorney enclosing a key to a subway lockbox in the heart of Manhattan. The attorney, as was right and proper, since his client had already con-

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looks at the past—and
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THE question, Who can beat Joe Louis? is a foolish one. Such interrogation has faced every heavyweight champion that ever lived. Whom has Joe Louis fought that should make him an outstanding fighter? Most of his opponents have been stumble-bums. Sooner or later some good heavy will appear and knock his block off.

Gene Tunney said: "Unless a young upright challenger is developed to meet Joe Louis within the next year, the interest in the heavyweight division will be dead." This is a laugh! Once a fellow named Dempsey held the heavyweight title for at least five years before a young upright challenger named Tunney could bring enough pressure to bear to get a match with him. When finally they walked out to meet in the ring in Philadelphia, was public interest in the division dead? Why, at the Chicago World's Fair "Long Count" Dave Barry (of the famed Dempsey-Tunney Chicago fight) and I promoted the Garden of Champions, among whom were Joe Choynski, Jack Johnson, and Johnny Coulon. The crowd packed the hall just to see the old champions and favorites box. I'll say the interest in heavyweight fighting is not dead! Wait until Joe Louis meets a good, fearless offensive fighter, some one that can hit and will stand up and slug it out with him.

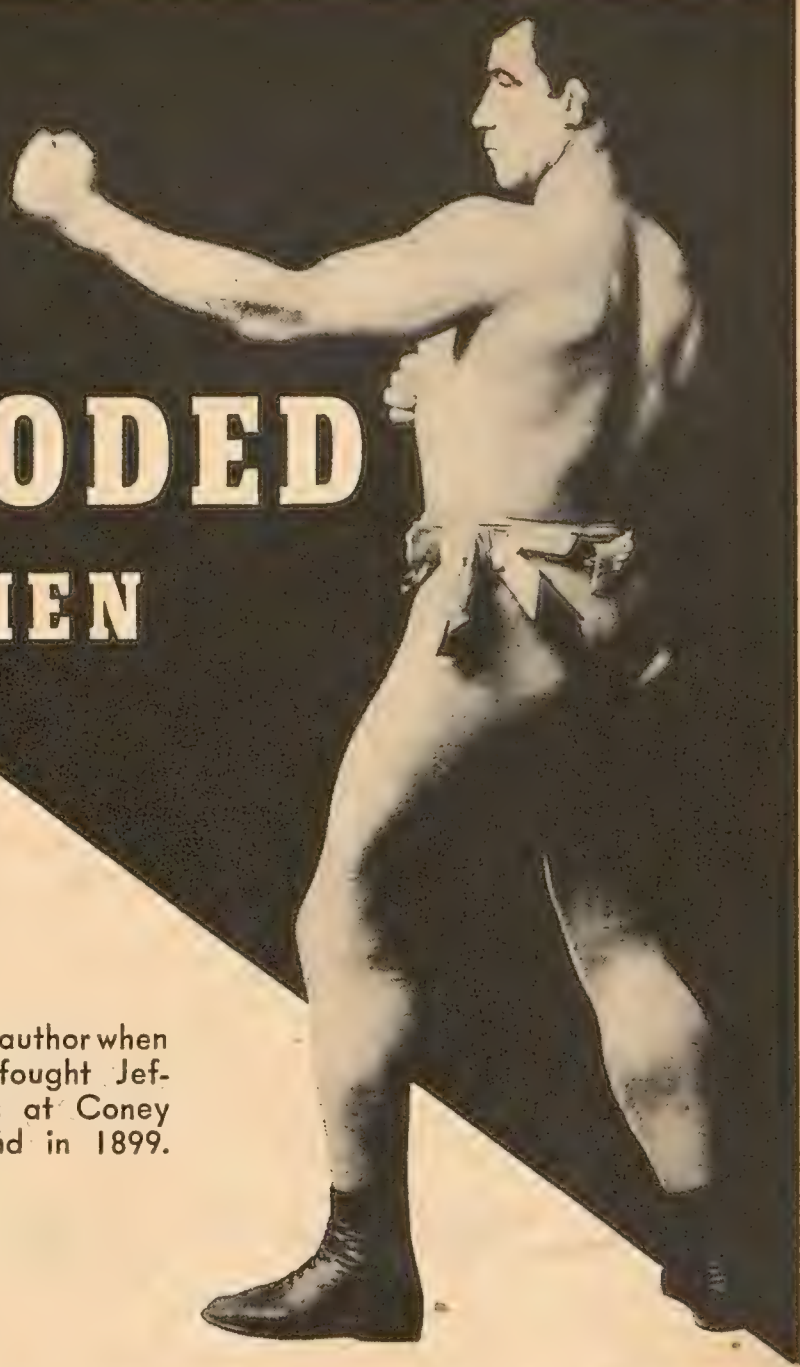
For years the heavyweight fighting game has been slipping and public interest slipping with it. But the public interest will return. It always has. Recently a decided movement has been launched to bring back the old following of fight fans. Promoters are turning in all directions for fighting timber. The sports writers are asking for no-limit or twenty-five-round championship fights. Fight fans shouldn't be expected to support fifteen-round championship boxing matches. Fifteen rounds means little or no hard training—no endurance. State Boxing Commissions will soon see the need for extending the length of championship fights.

The awakened interest also shows itself elsewhere. Plans went forward for the erection of a stone marker at Richburg, Mississippi, commemorating the famous "bare-knuckle" fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fifty years ago. In the battle, which took place on July 8, 1889, Sullivan and Kilrain fought for seventy-five rounds before Sullivan won. It was the last fight in the country, under the London Prize Ring rules, which called for bare-fist fighting.

DO you want the story of the world's hardest fought heavyweight championship fight on record? The time when a fight was a fight, and not a boxing match full of sidetracks and excuses?

I had fought Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, Ruhlin, and Choynski; and then Jeffries, the heavyweight champion of the world, accepted my challenge. It was the first defense of his title.

The author when
he fought Jeffries at Coney
Island in 1899.



BY TOM SHARKEY

That famous fight took place at Coney Island, on November 3, 1899, and the champion Jeffries and I pounded each other for twenty-five scorching rounds. We fought at the Seaside Club. Even though it rained torrents, the place was jammed to the rafters. The picture people were taking their first crack at recording a championship fight indoors. The ring was lighted with 400 arc lights for the taking of the moving pictures. The heat from the lights was terrific. Before I could take off my robe the sweat was burning my eyes, running off my body, soaking my ring trunks. The kinetoscope company had furnished oxygen tanks for both corners. I didn't use mine, and I don't believe Jeffries did his. Referee Siler bawled out some instructions and let the gong go.

I came out of my corner on a dead run and plowed into Jeffries, swinging. This was no boxing match. Jeffries slugged back at me. Toward the end of the first round I landed a heavy blow. It was a left and took Jeffries in the hollow of the neck. In the second round Jeffries said he swung the hardest punch he ever let go of, in the ring or any place else. It lifted me off my feet, I hit the canvas on the back of my head with my feet in the air, but I got right up. Round after round we fought. Toe to toe we stood and swapped punches. The roar of the crowd rumbled through the rafters. In the sixth round Jeffries' mouth was bleeding and my ribs were sore where he had pounded them. We clashed repeatedly in the seventh round, exchanging smothered blows and falling into clinches. I had to leap off my feet to hit Jeffries. I caught Jeffries one heavy left on the side of the head, and I knew it hurt. The heat was like a furnace. One round was now



ATHLETE'S FOOT

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Here's How to Relieve It

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary surface remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissues of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Quickly

When you apply H. F. you should find that the itching is quickly relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days. In severe cases be sure to consult a specialist.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money. Don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



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a repetition of the other. It was a slugging, scuffling fight. In the tenth round a cut was opened at the side of my left eye. By the time the fifteenth round ended, Jeffries' face was bleeding. In the seventeenth round a right-hand punch from Jeffries broke three of my ribs, but I went right on.

I will give here James J. Corbett's report of the twenty-first round: "Tom swung his left and Jim clinched. Jim landed right on the ribs. He jabbed, but it was blocked. Sharkey landed an uppercut on the neck. He jabbed his left on the chin, then, as Jeffries hit him on the chest, he stepped back, slipped in quickly, and landed a left swing on Jeffries' jaw that dazed the champion. They exchanged rights and lefts, the volley of blows meeting and blocking each other, to the delight of the crowd. Sharkey's round."

The beginning of the twenty-fifth round found me in pretty good shape, considering my broken ribs. So I began rushing Jeffries again, lashing out with left and right. Jeffries made my ribs the objective point for his right-hand assaults. I took all his terrific smashes. I bored in toward Jeffries, brandishing my gloves, watching for an opening. We clinched. In breaking away from the clinch the glove was dragged from Jeffries' right hand. The referee stepped forward to adjust it, and under the urging from my corner I skipped around to the champion's side and went after him.

Jeffries pulled his hand away and recommenced fighting, while the glove, which had not been properly fastened, fell to the floor again. During this time I was recuperating. My fighting instinct was up and I wanted to make a whirling finish of the closing round. The referee was still engaged in fastening the glove when the gong clanged loudly. It was the signal that the championship fight

was over. It was a weird ending. Referee Siler awarded Jeffries the fight. The decision was criticized by many. Some held that I had won; others that I was entitled to a draw.

James J. Corbett, reporting for the New York Morning World, said it was the fastest heavyweight fight ever seen.

Jeffries said: "November 3, 1899, is the date of the toughest championship fight in the heavyweight records. I am saying that, and I know. I was in it. I'll make a boast, if you want to call it that. I'll boast that I was the only champion that ever had to defend his title against Tom Sharkey when Tom was right—and Tom was right that night."

WHENCE came such endurance? Any fighter worthy of the name who is seeking the championship crown should have a natural courage and an instinct for fighting. For long-distance fighting, training is necessary; roadwork, ten to fifteen miles a day for three or four months, building leg and lung power. A fighter should be a good judge of distance, placing his blows where he wants to, with his weight behind them.

How many fighters actually train today? Most of them are looking for easy dough, expecting that fight fans will continue to pay to see boxing matches. Have such men the fighting spirit? Decidedly not! Compare them with the heavies of a generation or so ago. The men champion Louis has fought the old-timers wouldn't use for sparring partners.

We have landmarks in all sports events that give encouragement to all who follow—awakening in American youth courage, stamina, and fair play. Hurry the time when fights will be fights. Bring back the fighting game to its old standing. Give us good red-blooded fighting men!

THE END

QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo is of the late cartoonist who created When a Feller Needs a Friend. What's the name?

2—Does black tea or green tea normally produce the greatest number of cups per pound?

3—What flowers are kissable?

4—Which two U. S. Presidents of the same name were born at Braintree, Massachusetts?

5—Who was the hero of The Arabian Nights?

6—Does Georgia, North Carolina, or Oregon operate the most sawmills?

7—There is a little theater in which well known statue?

8—Who composed Les Huguenots?

9—Which Kansas City is larger, that in Kansas or that in Missouri?

10—Whom did Richard Le Gallienne dub the poet of doom, dementia, and death?

11—What was the Russian form of the title Kaiser?

12—What was the occupation of Joseph, husband of Mary, mother of Christ?

13—The face of which picture star has been described as two profiles pasted together?

14—In England, how many pennies make a shilling?

15—Who was colonel of the Rough Riders of Spanish-American War fame?

16—What well known radio comedian succeeds through pull and another's wit?

17—In which city in the Dominion of Canada is the University of Saskatchewan?

18—German submarines in the World War were called what?

19—Which costs less to build, a six-room one-story house or a six-room two-story house?

20—Who wrote Dixie?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

ONE cold and recent day the eighteen-ton English flying boat Cavalier, Bermuda bound, "dead-sticked" to a crash landing, ripped its hull against a battering wave, and began to sink into the Atlantic Ocean.

What happened during the next hours constitutes one of the most dramatic stories of modern aviation.

Three of the thirteen who were on the Cavalier died; ten—five men and five women—survived.

Night fell, and, in a vast and dark and hostile world of dangerous water, the survivors struggled to keep afloat. They formed a ring. They tied their life belts together. They joined hands and sang and joked and talked, and drew on wells of courage deep within themselves.

They were so—hands joined, singing, shouting—when a tanker came to rescue them ten hours later.

The newspapers of Monday, January 23, 1939, were full of the inspiring story of that incident.

And on that same Monday night an amazing counterpart of the Cavalier incident was being enacted on land in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

In a world no less vast and dark and hostile, rough with the dangerous seething swells of religious and racial hatreds, a much larger group of persons—and even more mixed—had formed a figurative ring. Most of them were Jews, many were Protestants, some Roman Catholics.

All, on that the first of six remarkable nights, had joined hands to form the most unusual and effective—and heartening—united front against intolerance yet devised in this country. For these persons of widely varying faiths had gathered amicably and enthusiastically beneath the roof of a Jewish synagogue.

They had come there eagerly to learn some measure of understanding of . . .

The other fellow's religion!

And that is the secret of "the Wilkes-Barre Way." A way which has caused increasing hundreds of persons voluntarily to join hands—in a spiritual and intellectual sense—against the destructive forces of intolerance and bigotry. It is the story of what has been accomplished in one little community of a great nation today.

And of what may readily be accomplished in literally thousands of hamlets and cities of America tomorrow.

This is the story of how that plan, simple and sensible, was conceived—and of the mild and scholarly little blue-eyed Jewish rabbi who brought it into full flower.

Dr. Louis M. Levitsky, rabbi of Wilkes-Barre's Temple Israel, is forty years old, looks younger. He was born in Montreal, where his father was in the fruit and produce business. He was educated in Anglican, Protestant, and French Catholic schools. That those early associations may have conditioned him is likely, for to this day he cannot recall ever having felt the sense of strangeness that most persons experience when entering a house of worship other than their own.

He took theological courses at Harvard and at the College of the City of New York. As a young man he traveled widely abroad, demonstrated a marked knack for organization. He organized many Conservative congregations from Miami, Florida, to Waterbury, Connecticut.

He was twenty-three years old when he received an invitation to go to Wilkes-Barre to fill his first pulpit.

THE WILKES-BARRE WAY

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

nia's Luzerne County, has a population of 86,000 that includes residents of every nationality listed by the United States census. Poles, Italians, and Czechs prevail, with a goodly proportion of Lithuanians, English, and Germans, and the largest community of Welshmen in America. The most important anthracite-coal-mining region in the world, originally founded by Protestant settlers, Wilkes-Barre has a comparatively small Jewish population—something under 5 per cent.

When young Rabbi Levitsky came to Wilkes-Barre, he found neither then nor later any anti-Semitic feeling.

He became a Mason, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and served a term as president of the Rotary Club, whose members call him "Lou."

By the end of last year, however, the amiable fashion in which Jewish and Christian neighbors live in Wilkes-Barre was not entirely duplicated in every other American city. Dr. Levitsky in peaceful Wilkes-Barre was, understandably, disturbed.

"I have always believed," he explains, "that for every bigot who exists there are at least four enlightened persons. The only trouble is that the bigot is always more vociferous."

But what to do about intolerance, the ugly and painful boil on the neck of democracy? Boils are easily excised. But they may return. The better way is to supply a diet that will eliminate the cause of the boils.

A diet of knowledge. Knowledge of the other fellow's religion! You developed respect by seeing the other fellow's viewpoint.

Too often, Dr. Levitsky realized, Jewish congregations obtained their

only understanding of the Christian faith from Jewish teachers and rabbis, and Christians learned of Judaism from Christians. The result was almost inevitably the same: Much heat, little light!

Yet people were genuinely curious about their neighbor's religion.

He recalled, out of recent experiences, a number of incidents. Of Miss Ida Button, in charge of Protestant Youth Activities in Wilkes-Barre, who had asked if she might bring some Protestant youngsters to the synagogue to watch the children of Dr. Levitsky's congregation being taught the ritual of the Seder, the Passover home service. He had asked, at the conclusion of the service, if there were any questions. And he had been amazed at the lively interest of his Christian neighbors in Judaism.

No less amazing had been the year when his own congregation's women members had caught some of the infectious Christmas feeling and exhibited a curiosity concerning this strictly Christian holiday.

People, he concluded, were both ready and willing—even eager—to learn of their neighbor's faith, provided they were convinced that no attempt was being made

That was in 1922. He has been there ever since.

He liked Wilkes-Barre from the start. When he first came, Temple Israel, the pretty synagogue on the bank of the Susquehanna, hard by some of the city's finest old residences along South River Street, did not exist. That it, and Temple Israel Religious School across the street from it, do now, probably can be traced to young Dr. Levitsky's extraordinary energy, his flair for organization.

The city proper of Wilkes-Barre, seat of Pennsylvania's Luzerne County, has a population of 86,000 that includes residents of every nationality listed by the United States census. Poles, Italians, and Czechs prevail, with a goodly proportion of Lithuanians, English, and Germans, and the largest community of Welshmen in America. The most important anthracite-coal-mining region in the world, originally founded by Protestant settlers, Wilkes-Barre has a comparatively small Jewish population—something under 5 per cent.



© Bachrach

Dr. Louis M. Levitsky.

The story of a little rabbi and a mighty blow against bigotry

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to force that knowledge upon them.

And so a new idea was born, a new experiment launched. During previous years Dr. Levitsky had held at Temple Israel a series of lectures on subjects close to the Jewish heart. "Institutes" these lectures had been called. This year he would attempt a radical departure. An "Institute on Religion." Not the Jewish religion alone but the history of Judaism and Christianity and their interrelation in the development of Western civilization. A series of lectures that could profitably be attended by Jews, Catholics, and Protestants.

The whole pattern of the lecture series adapted itself to historically chronological treatment. For a thousand years Judaism had been the sole religion dominating the Western world; then had come Catholicism; after that Protestantism—three forks in the road of organized religion. Actually, Jews, Catholics, and Protestants were not so far apart as many persons might imagine.

And today—facing the spread of intolerance from Europe—these three religions might well find themselves possessed of a common outlook for the future.

Dr. Levitsky planned to bring to Temple Israel some of the greatest Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant scholars he could obtain, each to explain his own particular religion.

Eventually he compiled a list: Dr. Conrad H. Moehlman, professor of history of Christianity at the Rochester-Colgate Divinity School; the Rev. Father Gerald G. Walsh, an outstanding scholar in the history of the Catholic Church, professor of history at Fordham; Dr. Abraham A. Neuman, outstanding Jewish scholar; Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, professor of education, Teachers College, Columbia; Dr. Paul J. Tillich, professor of theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York.

DR. LEVITSKY will tell you frankly, if you ask him today, that a bit of "showmanship" went into his selection of Dr. Tillich, who was to speak on Protestantism.

"Protestantism," he explains, "originated in Germany. I thought it would be a good idea to have an eminent theologian from that country discuss the origin of Protestantism. Dr. Tillich left there in 1933 because of religious and political opposition to National Socialism."

In planning the series of lectures Dr. Levitsky wished some one to speak on religious music and its development. He came upon Harvey Gaul, whose name is connected with the composition of some of the finest synagogue music that has been written. The name is not a Jewish name.

So Dr. Levitsky went to Pittsburgh, where, for thirty years, Harvey Gaul had been composer and organist at Calvary Church, and professor of music at Carnegie Institute of Technology.

He found Harvey Gaul to be a man who knew music, synagogue ritual,

and Hebrew. And, to his amazement and delight, he found that Harvey Gaul, the man who had written and arranged innumerable compositions for the synagogue, works for the most sacred days of the Jewish year, was . . . a devout Episcopalian!

Dr. Levitsky smiles as he tells of it: "Here was a man who was an institution of good will in himself. A man who supported, by his very being, my conviction that ideals and philosophies are meaningless unless embodied in human personalities."

The mechanics of presenting the Institute on Religion were thoughtfully pondered. It was not, to begin with, to be a profit-making project. A nominal price was charged for tickets for the lecture series, while most of the money needed to pay the lecturers was raised by subscription from members of his own congregation.

Dignified announcements were sent out by mail. There was no high-pressure selling of tickets. No tickets, in fact, were sold in advance. All tickets sold were purchased at the door of Temple Israel as you entered.

ON the Monday night of January 23 Dr. Levitsky got his answer to the question of whether one man has any interest whatever in the religion of his neighbor.

Nearly 400 persons bought tickets for the entire series! City officials were there. Ministers. Priests. Sunday-school teachers. At the door to the Temple they were given a program that announced the speaker and his subject and offered two blank pages "For your notes."

Dr. Levitsky, in a brief speech called *Our Common Heritage*, explained the purpose of the series of lectures, and concluded: "Jews, Catholics, Protestants—we are three searching parties starting from the same place, deriving our strength from the same source, impelled by the same ideals, headed in the same direction. . . . We will hear in this course the voice of Jew, Protestant, and Catholic, lending courage to each other and strengthening our faith in the ultimate success of our search. In this spirit and from each other we hope to gain endurance and patience in our long and tedious search and thereby strengthen the life of our democracy."

From that first night, the Institute on Religion proved a smashing success.

On the night that Father Gerald G. Walsh spoke on the Catholic Church (the bishop had co-operated with Rabbi Levitsky in obtaining Father Walsh) the meeting was not held at Temple Israel itself, since church canons do not permit a priest to participate in a service held in another house of worship. A large and enthusiastic audience attended.

I happened to attend the lecture on Protestantism, by the German theologian Dr. Paul J. Tillich, on the night of February 20. I have seldom seen a more rapt audience. It included,

within the walls of Temple Israel, the mayor and numerous city officials, about forty ministers, and three priests. In all, more than 500 persons were present, and the questions—asked from the floor or written on programs and sent to the speaker via ushers—showed a lively interest: Could Germany survive long without the Jews? What is the future of the Protestant Church in Germany? Would all religions eventually be stopped in Germany?

The word-of-mouth publicity that Dr. Levitsky's Institute on Religion is obtaining in and around Wilkes-Barre is astounding—and unanimously enthusiastic.

Arthur Bolander, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, says of it: "It is a fine gesture to bring to the people such an excellent cultural program."

Judge M. McDonald of the Luzerne County Court of Common Pleas (a Catholic) said: "What Rabbi Levitsky is doing is unanimously regarded as a fine thing."

The Rev. Gardiner M. Day, rector of St. Stephen's (Episcopal) Church, told me: "I think it is a grand thing . . . a valuable education in tolerance."

So go the comments on the Wilkes-Barre Way—the plan of a little Jewish rabbi who has discovered what promises to be the most amazing weapon yet found with which to combat bigotry and intolerance.

A simple weapon—yet one that every city in America could put into operation within a month.

That the idea will spread is inevitable; for it offers in troubled times a weapon true and clean as the steel blade of a sword, forged of nothing more spectacular than the steady flames of common sense, not of the white-heat fires of name calling and hatred.

Simply this: "I will show you what I hold sacred and explain to you why, and you will show me what you hold sacred and explain to me why—and we will respect and help one another."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 56

- 1—Clare A. Briggs.
- 2—Black tea, which yields about fifty additional cups to the pound.
- 3—Tulips.
- 4—John and John Quincy Adams.
- 5—Harun-al-Rashid.
- 6—North Carolina, with 2,055 sawmills operating in 1937.
- 7—In the Statue of Liberty.
- 8—Jakob Meyerbeer.
- 9—The one in Missouri.
- 10—Edgar Allan Poe.
- 11—Czar.
- 12—He was a carpenter.
- 13—That of Basil Rathbone.
- 14—Twelve.
- 15—Leonard Wood.
- 16—Charlie McCarthy.
- 17—Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.
- 18—U-boats.
- 19—Usually the two-story house, due to savings in excavation, foundation, and roof.
- 20—

Daniel D. Emmett.



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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

NOW is your chance to get in right with the birds. If you want feathered friendship, your garden's the place to throw the party, but you ought to know what birds to invite and how to give them the kind of a time they like. For your advice I have been consulting Roger Tory Peterson, Educational Director of the National Association of Audubon Societies. Here's what he says:

Even with a small city garden, you can hope to attract thirty or forty different kinds of birds. It all depends upon what your garden offers them. Same as human guests, they respond to good food and drink, comfort and shelter. Barberry bushes will protect them from the uncongenial company of cats, but don't expect birds to eat barberries. They won't unless they're famished. Goldfinches, purple finches, and fox sparrows—fine singers all—prefer cracked corn, sunflower seed, or canary seed. Chickadees, robins, woodpeckers, and jays enjoy snacks of suet tied to a tree or pole. Hummingbirds, though shy as poets, may be lured to open bottles of sugar syrup suspended from red or orange ribbon with flower-shaped bows. Easiest birdbath to make is simply a shallow pan of water with a flat-topped rock in it. . . . Long bashful of big towns, wrens are now moving back since people began providing birdhouses for them. . . . The purple martin was the first American bird to accept a human landlord. Used to nest in hollow gourds hung outside the wigwams of some Indian tribes. . . . Birds will eat out of your hand, says Mr. Peterson, if you train them to. Whittle a wooden hand; fit a glove on it; put seeds or suet in it and leave it on your windowsill or porch. After the birds become accustomed to feeding from it, put the glove on your own hand, stay still, and they'll come to you.

☆ We all know about Neville Chamberlain's celebrated umbrella. Feminized copies of it are now in style for ladies. Meanwhile the pink quilted dressing gowns worn at home by Mrs. Chamberlain are also receiving publicity.

I wonder if *men* may be expected to follow *that* fashion.

☆ Despite all atrocity stories, it appears that men at war are not very observant of women. Some weeks ago an English girl was killed in a North African skirmish. For three years she had masqueraded as a man, a soldier of the French Foreign Legion, and no one had suspected her disguise.

She had enlisted under the name Jack Norton, a male accomplice having taken the physical examination in

her place. . . . During the World War I knew a Russian girl, Katya by name, who got herself commissioned as an artillery officer by the same device.

She stayed more than a year at the front, and was never detected.

☆ At last we have a woman's book telling *men* how to dress! By Dorothy Stote, it's called *Men Too Wear Clothes*. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

☆ John Cavanagh, authoritative hatter, tells me in these United States at least 70 per cent of our husbands' hats are purchased under the influence of wives. The information peeved me, because I found myself among the *uninfluential* 30 per cent. How about you?

Do you or don't you approve your husband's hats?

☆ Asked a mental specialist if there is any scientific word for it when a lady gets mad and stamps on her knitting, as I saw one do because the rows wouldn't come out right. My specialist couldn't find the word, so he made it up. . . . *Objectimosity*—the fury we feel when inanimate objects do us dirt.

There are many cases. A millionaire sportsman of my acquaintance punches and kicks his automobile if it balks. Children blame and hit chairs or tables after bumping into them. I slap my hats with vicious satisfaction if I can't get them to fit my head properly. I know a little black dog—a spaniel—who turns round and bites the door when he is shut out of a room. . . . *Objectimosity* seems a suitable word for all such flare-ups of impotent rage.

☆ *Florentine Rice Fritters*, crusty and hot, sprinkled with sugar or spread with fruit preserves, are particularly good for dessert after a light meal of vegetables and green spring salad. . . . Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice 15 minutes in 2 cups milk. Add 1 heaping teaspoon butter, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, a few drops lemon extract.

Cook this slowly until rice absorbs all the milk. Now stir in the yolks of 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder. Chill well. Add the stiffly beaten whites of the 3 eggs to fritter mixture just before frying. Fry golden brown in hot buttered pan. Drain on paper. Serve at once. I suggest warmed plum jam or apricot preserves as the accompanying sauce.



"It's your fish net that's scaring them, lady!"

Drama from the Shadows

The movies bring you a strange, dour tale of a bygone day in England—and a portrait out of America's past

BY BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ★ ½ WUTHERING HEIGHTS

THE PLAYERS: Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, David Niven, Flora Robson, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Leo G. Carroll, Cecil Humphreys, Miles Mander, Romaine Callender, Cecil Kellaway, Rex Downing, Sarita Wooton, Douglas Scott. Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur based on the Emily Brontë novel. Directed by William Wyler. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 103 minutes.

THIS earthy story of Yorkshire's bleak moors, studded with malice and foreboding, dates back to a picturesque era in English literature. It was written by Emily Brontë, one of the three brilliant daughters of an Irish Anglican clergyman, in 1847. These Brontës were motherless; wild and self-taught, neglected by their father, they grew up amid the loneliness of the Yorkshire moors.

Wuthering Heights is a strangely flavored tale—in the emotional romantic mood—of a widower's two children and a little gypsy boy taken into the family. The girl, Cathy, comes to love the "gypsy scum," the son grows to head the household, a drunken waster. The desolate house is a place of hatred, tyranny, and cruelty, but Cathy and her gypsy love find some measure of happiness by creeping away to a dream castle on a crag overlooking the moors. If you know your Wuthering Heights, you know how Cathy comes to marry another, how the gypsy lives for a lonely revenge.

Just how much appeal this novel of another day has for American audiences remains to be seen. Director William Wyler has tried to be faithful to this bitter assortment of characters created by the minister's daughter of Victorian days. You will like Merle Oberon as Cathy, Laurence Olivier has never done anything better than the gypsy—but it is the newcomer, Geraldine Fitzgerald, who steals the film as the tragic girl Heathcliff marries to hurt his Cathy.

Dated, dour—and darned dramatic.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Goldwyn staff created its Yorkshire amid the Conejos Hills Norwegian settlement, fifty miles out of Hollywood in Ventura County, where 540 acres were rented, a stone farmhouse was built, temporary work and cook houses were thrown up, plaster-stone fences constructed, an inclined railway built to the crag where a plaster Wuthering Heights was molded. . . . Director Wyler wanted an expanse of heather-covered moors. So they blasted away the native flora. Boys were paid a penny a bunch for loose tumbleweed. This, sprinkled with purple sawdust, was anchored on the turf. In front, close to the cameras, were 1,000 studio-raised heather plants (real). It took six months to grow 'em. . . . Art Director James Basevi, who created the big blow for Hurricane, did the snowstorm. A mere flurry for the miracle man. . . . Watch for the bath scene, when Merle Oberon does a De Mille in a tin tub of the '40s, her knees cramped up to her

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

chin. Merle says it was darned uncomfortable. . . . Goldwyn tested twenty-two actors, including Orson Welles, the man from Mars, for the role of Hindley, and then hired Sussex-born Hugh Williams.

★ ★ ★ THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

THE PLAYERS: Don Ameche, Loretta Young, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart,



Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in the dramatic Wuthering Heights.

Spring Byington, Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young, Georgiana Young, Bobs Watson, Russell Hicks, Paul Stanton, Jonathan Hale, Harry Davenport, Elizabeth Patterson, Charles Trowbridge, Jan Duggan, Claire Du Brey, Harry Tyler, Ralph Remley, Zeffie Tilbury. Screen play by Lamar Trotti from the story by Ray Harris. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 97 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD continues on its biographical way with the romance of the man who eliminated privacy from life. Offhand, the story of Alexander Graham Bell sounds highly unpromising dramatic material. Bell was a Scotsman whose father and grandfather had been experts on sound and the mechanics of speech. Bell himself taught the deaf in Boston, was working on a telegraphic invention to help the afflicted learn to speak when he hit upon the principles of the telephone. He was twenty-eight when he spoke the first words over a wire. Great success and wealth crowded in upon him.

The screen tells all this in terms of rather lame romance. Bell comes to love a deaf young woman, her infirmity becomes the inspiration for his invention. The vicissitudes of the young Romeo of sound are terrific, but he is handsome, courageous, and resourceful. The story wisely stops at the dawn of success and the first Bell baby, with the inventor, a far-away look in his eyes, considering the possibilities of flying.

Don Ameche is a pleasant film actor, a versatile radio performer, but he leaves me unconvinced as the Edinburgher who took the world by the ears. Loretta Young plays the deaf inspiration nicely. Henry Fonda, as Bell's pal and aide, still is a neat scene stealer.

Best of the cast is Charles Coburn as the young woman's father and Bell's chief backer. He makes the methodical New Englander who lives by his watch the realest person in the romantic biography.

VITAL STATISTICS: Let the Lanes look to their laurels. Here are four Young sisters in one film, Loretta, Polly Ann, the Young whose chosen film cognomen is Sally Blane, and the youngest of the brood, Georgiana. Georgiana is fourteen, tallest of the sisters. Now that all the girls are launched, Mama Young, really Mrs. George Belzer, is taking up interior decoration as a serious business. . . . The hirsute problem was a serious one here. When folks think of inventor Bell, they usually envisage a venerable white-whiskered man. Did Bell have a beard when he invented the phone? Studio investigators say he grew it a bit later, to impress his sweetheart. His aide, Tom Watson, followed suit. Anyway, movie audiences never would have accepted the Kenosha, Wisconsin, pride, Don Ameche, in side whiskers. Hence the compromise on sideburns. . . . The studio points with pride to the snow on the set showing Boston streets in the '70s. It's not the usual gypsum and cornflakes but the real thing, carted to the studios in fifty trucks.

Evelyn Keyes

featured player in Cecil B. DeMille's production

"UNION PACIFIC"

says: "The Challenger? It's comfortable...it's cheerful...it's charming. And I think the Registered Nurse-Stewardess service is simply wonderful."



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Scenes from the picture



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THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND THE CHALLENGERS

★ ★ ½ ALEXANDER NEVSKY

THE PLAYERS: Nikolai Cherkassov, N. P. Okhlopov, A. L. Abrikosov, D. N. Orlov, V. K. Novikov, N. N. Arski, V. O. Massalitinova, V. S. Ivasheva, A. S. Danilova, V. L. Ershov, S. K. Blinnikov, I. I. Lagutin, L. A. Fenin, N. A. Rogozhin. Story by Sergei Eisenstein and Peter A. Pavlenko. Directed by Sergei Eisenstein and D. I. Vassiliev. Produced by Amkino. Running time, 100 minutes.

If you're a serious student of the screen, you will want to see this first Sergei Eisenstein film to reach these shores from Russia since that pioneer's unforgettable celluloid documentation of a world-shaking cataclysm in Potemkin and Ten Days That Shook the World. Here was revolution told at white heat.

Eisenstein has been far less successful in this historic drama of 1242, when Russia was harassed by Teutonic invaders on one side and Tartars on the other. Obviously the time and the theme were picked with a purpose, for they show the finally aroused warriors, muzhiks, and serfs of Novgorod turning upon the trained fighters of Germany and rending them. Here, in fact, is a challenge to Russia's enemies, past and present.

The great battle on the frozen surface of Lake Peipus is singularly effective. But the film has neither the artistry nor the power of the director's early films, and it is studded with brute cruelty; it goes out of its way to sneer at religion.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sergei Eisenstein has had his difficulties. His Thunder Over Mexico, made south of the Rio Grande in 1933, never was generally released. Then he made and remade Bezhun Lug in Russia, but the picture never received the approval of the Soviet powers that be. In fact, Sergei's sympathies were questioned. But now, with Alexander Nevsky, he's in favor again. Stalin loved it, if reports are true. . . . Nikolai Cherkassov, who has the title role, is one of Russia's top actors. . . . The big battle scenes of Alexander Nevsky were shot in the midst of last July's Moscow heat wave. Near the Mosfilm studios an area of 30,000 square meters was covered with ice, otherwise white sand, chalk, and marble dust. A small lake outside of Moscow was covered with 17½ tons of artificial ice, supported by air-filled pontoons. When the pontoons were deflated, the carefully jig-sawed surface shattered and sank with fleeing Teutons.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, Spawn of the North, Angels with Dirty Faces, The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters.

★★★—The Hound of the Baskervilles, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, The Shining Hour, Sixty Glorious Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy.

W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 704, Union Pacific Railroad
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(Santa Fe Ry. photo.)
An Indian pueblo, New Mexico.



(Union Pacific photo.)
Camping north of Sun Valley.



(National Trailways photo.)
Between Denver and Salt Lake City.

SEVEN is the number on this week's contest coupon. You may regard it as a number of particular significance. Many people do. This much is certain. This week you have next to the last chance to get into this contest via the late-entry offer. Better enter right now. You'll be that much ahead of the late starters who leave the barrier next week. Be sure that you understand the brief rules thoroughly. Then go ahead with the solutions for the jumbles on Coupon 7. Another group will be published next week. In the meantime, have you saved each of the six

preceding coupons? You'll need to send in a complete entry to win a travel prize.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Liberty foresaw a large late entry in this interesting game and prepared reprints of the first coupons to take care of this demand. You can obtain reprints by writing to the contest address in Rule 6, being sure to enclose five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. With reprints at hand you can bring your entry even with the field, ready to complete the final three coupons yet to come.



(Chesapeake & Ohio photo.)
At famous Virginia Beach, Va.



(American Airlines photo.)
The Goddess of Liberty from the air.

THE RULES

- Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example: NOTADAY=DAY-TONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.
- To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.
- When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.
- Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and

- convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded \$100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
- All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.
- Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
- All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

No. 7 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. ANSHAVAN	
2. MATYUHRO	
3. LATETORCH	
4. TACOPOLEL	
5. STREAMONAC	
6. BIRAGEGONYA	
7. CINGOTASYR	
8. ONTECRUCOVOG	
9. PRAGSROILDOCSON	
10. ATOLMIDUNINSNAIL	

BUREAUCRACY OF HEALTH?

ARROYO GRANDE, CALIF.—Mr. Macfadden's editorials are always very much to the good, but I can't agree with him about endorsing the President's health crusade (February 4 Liberty).

Human nature being as it is, how in the world can any one believe that if the physicians are ruled by a bureaucracy there will not be as much graft connected with the Public Health Bureau as there has been with the WPA and all other federal bureaus that politicians can control?

Perhaps physicians do spend from six to ten years to become doctors to the



people; but as most of the colleges and hospitals where they are taught are kept up by the taxpayers at very little expense to the students, why should they be guaranteed "a decent living" by the taxpayers who have already partly paid for their schooling?

I suppose that Mr. Macfadden would have the lawyers and civil engineers and all others who do anything for the public good "guaranteed a decent living by the govern-

ment." For we have to have lawyers to make legal papers to enforce health laws, and civil engineers to survey for sewers—for sewers are of just as much benefit to the community as are the doctors of that community.

In fact, the curse of the country is that we have too many physicians who think that the people should "guarantee them a decent living," and so they feel free to operate on folks who would get all right without an operation if some one would make them take a bit of healthy exercise and eat the proper food.

It is not the doctors that need regulating, but the hospitals that make it impossible for people to get the medical care that they should have, now that the average town home is too small for ill folk to be cared for in the home. Hospitals make exorbitant charges not only for their nurses but for food.

The one thing that will improve the health of all the people is for all the hospitals to be owned by the taxpayers, as are the schools, and all nurses to be paid, as are schoolteachers, at so much a month while they are on duty; nurses and those who manage the hospitals to pass civil service examinations, and to hold their jobs as long as they are competent to do so.

Public health would be benefited more by cheaper hospital charges than by a Health Bureaucracy in Washington run by politicians, and their graft.—*Madge C. Ditmas.*

MR. PUTNAM'S BOSTON

BOSTON, MASS.—Might a humble reporter suggest that the great publisher, George Palmer Putnam, either take a little walk over Boston, or hire a proofreader who knows the difference between South Boston and the South End? I don't know which section of the Hub of the Universe feels more humiliated by this statement (March 11 Liberty) that Boston's beloved flyer worked at Denison House in South Boston. Such a shock to see such a mistake in Liberty!

Where has Liberty been all these years, that it doesn't know of the first great drive for liberty, when the Irish led Yankees drove the aristocratic British away just by digging trenches on the South Boston hills? The Irish still live there—but not in trenches. While in the South End, where Amelia worked, are found the

Chinese in all their glory, the Syrians, and almost every race under the sun—Americans all.—*A Yankee from Ireland.*

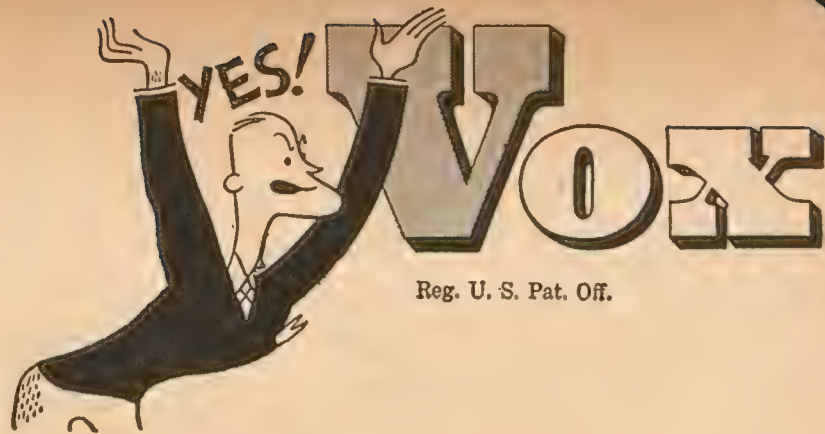
WATCH AND FOOT READY

FRANKLIN, IND.—Ingo Kalinowsky (of your April Fool Vox Pop) seems to be quite "het up" over Liberty's giving a Jew the right to state



his side of a life-and-Hitler matter.

I have a nice new watch



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

that I would gladly hock (again) and a good right foot to help Ingo get back to Germany and his ideals.—*Bill Wright.*

VOLUMES IN A WORD!

GREENSBORO, N. C.—*Re the I Am a Psychic Detective series: Nuts!*—*Albert R. Martin.*

WAGES IN TERMS OF BREAD

TRENTON, N. J.—If I may, I should like to comment upon your April 1 editorial, which is no joke, whatever the date. That editorial is the sober truth that every workingman—and incidentally every member of a trade-union—should take to heart. I refer to Mr. Macfadden's statements regarding the buying power of the American wage stated in terms of bread.

In this connection it is interesting to note an article in the press some time ago which gave the price of bread in various countries. The statement follows:

"The price of bread in England has been raised from 15 to 16 cents per four-pound loaf, but England is still by far the cheapest country in the world for bread.

"Prices for the four-pound loaf in other countries are: Germany 47 cents; Sweden 37 cents; United States 35 cents; Canada 27 cents; Italy 26 cents; France 22 cents."

In a recent year England imported some 4,000,000 tons of wheat but still manages to have the lowest price for bread. It is very possible, however, that the American workingman can afford to pay our price for bread, in view of his much higher wage scale. But, in view of some recent events in the realm of labor, we are beginning to wonder if the American workingman knows when he is well off. Senseless strikes, destruction of machinery and merchandise by sit-down strikers, and other actions by labor are not calculated to advance the good relations of capital and labor

so vitally necessary if we are to show the world that democracy does work.—*W. C. Witte.*

"VEN I GO TO HÄLL"

ST. PAUL, MINN.—*Häll* in Swedish I thought means not "hail" but "pour" (March 18 Vox Pop). A woman had a cream pitcher which, after pouring cream, would drip on the tablecloth. She went to the store and asked the clerk for a "pitcher vat von't run after me, ven I go to häll.—*Aunt Marie.*

MORE COPS WHO CARED

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Cop Who Cared, by Edward Dougherty (February 11 Liberty), was very interesting, and the work described is an important one for the well-being of our future citizens.

You may be interested to



know that the Juvenile Aid Bureau (formerly the Crime Prevention Bureau of the New York City Police Department) was inaugurated in 1930. The Police Athletic League (PAL), a medium used by the Juvenile Aid Bureau in carrying out its program for the prevention and reduction of juvenile delinquency in New York City, has been in operation for many years, and at present is a sizable organization.

In view of the statement in the article that the formation of the Crime Prevention Division under Superintendent Germain at Saginaw, Michigan, was initiated in June of last year, I feel it incumbent upon me to advise you of the early start in the field of



crime prevention by the New York City Police Department. —John H. Morris, Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner.

HARD-WORKED EDITOR

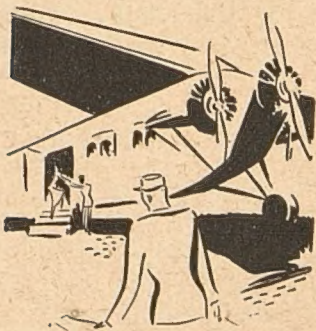
MIAMI, FLA.—Liberty of March 25 carries on page 70 a picture of Fulton Oursler. A week later, on April 1, another picture of your editor appears on page 58. Judging from the pictures, you must have worked your editor awfully hard lately.—C. O. H.

AGAINST VOTE ON WAR

BANGOR, WIS.—Rose Wilder Lane's article on Why I Am For the People's Vote on War (April 1 Liberty) sounds like the hysterical ranting of a war-scared mother, and one's first impression is whether or not she has confused the Presidency of the great United States with the presidency of some small town's Sunday-school picnic.

Who says we do not trust our men in power? Are they not men selected by a majority of the voters? Were they elected because they were a choice between two evil contenders for office and no matter which won we were the losers anyway?

Considering the shameful fact that we have somewhere near 4 per cent of illiteracy in our country, how do you



think these voters would decide in such an issue?

Her fifth objection must be very near the truth. If you sent a representative to close a deal for you, would you place your faith in him? Or would you expect him to grab

a phone and ask you to dictate every reply to all questions? If you did, I can assure you that in the meantime some competitor would walk off with the gravy.

Please, let's get down to earth!—J. L. Thouvenell.

MINISTER TELLS OF GHOST!

GARDEN CITY PARK, N. Y.—The Old Lady of Battersea, by Horace Leaf, proves particularly interesting. (March 25 Liberty.)

Now, I am not forgetting that I am a minister of the Gospel, and with this in prominent view I wish to tell you that I am moved to believe the crux of that story! You see, some years ago, in British Guiana, "we" were unearthing an old Dutch tomb which legend declared a certain Dutchman fleeing from the English had used as a vault for his treasures.

We dug that thing up one night. We found a demijohn—and then there was the appearance of a burly black Negro slave, his throat cut, remarkably, standing there beside the demijohn! You see, it was customary for the Dutch to slay a slave and leave him as custodian of their buried treasure. *I heard what that "cut-throated" blackamoor said!*

When I told the story to Lord Northcliffe, he did something unusual for him where I am concerned: he walked out on me!—Rev. J. E. Fernandes-Camacho.

STOCK RAISED 100%

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.—I liked Attorney General Murphy's article because: Liberty actually put itself "on the spot" in printing his scathing reply to Mr. Macfadden's editorial. But, in my estimation, both Liberty and Attorney General Murphy have raised their stock 100 per cent on the American people's "exchange."

It draws three cheers from

me for a real show of American "openness" and free fair speech.—Calvin Parr.

TAKE THAT MONEY BACK!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Servant of the Lord (April 1 Vox Pop) explains at some length how he became the recipient of one hundred dollars through the efficiency of prayer. This makes me laugh at the credulity of the Lord's servant who takes money to which he is not entitled and praises God for his beneficent kindness. And it makes me weep briny tears for the poor teller whose cash is short exactly one hundred dollars.

I did not spend thirty years behind a bank counter without learning that deposits are sometimes credited to the

wrong account by mistake and somebody makes the amount good to the rightful depositor—and it is not the Lord, no matter how hard you pray! The Deity has never yet been known to deal in United States currency.

Tell the reverend gentleman to take that money back to the bank and find out who worked all night hunting for it, and return it to him with apologies.—W. C. McQuille

"WIRE YOUR SENATOR"?

BATON ROUGE, LA.—Can our august senators be swayed by wires? It seems to me that a telegram to a senator somewhat in the nature of an insult to that man's intelligence or to his morals. C. DeVallon Dugas.

MARCH VOX POP SCORE

CALIFORNIA proved to be the "writingest" state during March: 173 letters came to us from that region, most of them concerned with taxation, pensions, and strikes. . . . New York, Texas, and Illinois bombarded us with equal fervor, excited over prayer, puzzles, and relief. Ted Shane was hotly sworn by and at. The Middle West and the South picked the Twenty Questions Editor to pieces. His mathematics and geography especially worried Louisiana. . . . Mr. Macfadden's two editorials on Patriotism and Intelligence brought in stacks of mail—a symphony of cheers and jeers. . . . Thirty-four states voiced opinions on the Jews. . . . I Married a Nazi made a hit except with a few outraged Hitlerites. . . . Mr. Oursler's back page has become a prime favorite. . . . The subject of "a

baby at forty" stirred up many ladies and three men. . . . Our covers were praised more than slammed, particularly in the West. . . . Poet sent us a bale of verse, some of excellent. . . . Horace Leaf's ghostly perhaps brought in the strongest expressions of ridicule and belief. . . . Doctors and lawyers are multiplying in our correspondence. Men outnumbered women twenty to one in writing us. . . . Utah and Delaware treated us to complete silence this month, but we heard from New Zealand, South Africa, Mexico, and Haiti. . . . According to their own word, our mail friends ranged in age from seven to eighty-four—Mr. Sevens found fault with a picture, Mr. Eighty-four wrote us a long essay on widows. What will April bring?

—Vox Pop Editor.



"Contact!"

Emil Ludwig Writes the Story of Two Kings



FULTON OURSLER

WHEN William Shakespeare lived in England, he wrote of kings and queens; but all his kings and queens were safely dead. The greatest of all dramatists left unwritten the romance and tragedy of his

own time and people. In the long list of his plays you may read of Bolingbroke and Richard II, of the Henrys, even of Henry VIII; but you will look in vain for Queen Elizabeth or Mary Queen of Scots. There is no Sir Walter Raleigh, no Bothwell, no current intrigue around the British throne. The reason was simple enough. Shakespeare loved his head too well. It was a good head, full of the stuff that dreams are made of; and he died with it securely on his neck. But, if Shakespeare lived today, he could write of the current scene without danger from the headsman's ax. Thus far have we come along the road of intellectual freedom that a biographer today may look at a king and write about him. Not only can it be done but it has been done.

EMIL LUDWIG HAS WRITTEN the story not of one king but of two; and next week in *Liberty* the gorgeous cavalcade begins, with the frankest and most revealing biographical story of the year, called **KINGS AND BROTHERS—THE STORY OF GEORGE VI AND EDWARD VIII.**

The story behind this story is interesting. One rainy Sunday afternoon I picked up the telephone beside my desk and asked the somewhat startled operator of the Falmouth, Massachusetts, exchange to get Mr. Emil Ludwig in Switzerland. Within ten minutes the nervous high-pitched voice of the biographer was at my ear; and in three minutes I had conveyed to him the notion that had stirred restlessly in my bosom for several days. Would he be willing to undertake the chronicle of these brothers of the British throne?

Would he have access to sources beyond the official and the obvious? Could he break through the barrier that hedges in a king? And could he discard the dusty cuttings of newspaper files to bring us face to face, not with symbols but with men of flesh and blood, human beings in whom flowed the same tides of human feeling as overwhelm the destiny of all other men? Here was a task to challenge and affright even the most courageous of biographers.

Ludwig, a man of agile mind and quick perception, embraced the proposal. His "Yes!" literally squealed down the Alps and across the Atlantic. He did have sources peculiar to himself. He did have access to intimate and personal data never before published. Here the man who had already written about President Roosevelt, upon our assignment, now turned to two young kings and all the drama of their lives, turned to them consumed with enthusiasm for the task. When I hung up the receiver, it was with the certainty that a great story was soon to be ours—and yours.

AND NEXT WEEK you will find it, a generous first installment, filled with the pageantry of empire and the pathos of simple hearts. We feel that the bringing of this story to the American people at this timely juncture, when we are all hoping that the King and Queen of England will be able to visit us, will do much to promote warmer friendship between the States and Great Britain.

THERE WILL BE MANY other features of interest in next week's issue, and a remarkable announcement by Carl Crow, that veteran of many Chinese excitements, who has undertaken an assignment for *Liberty* that may well become an unforgettable chapter in the history of journalism. We will let Carl tell you about it himself in his article, **I AM YOUR REPORTER.** The true detective series from the G-men's files, by Frederick L. Collins, comes to a climax next week. A little later on we hope to have more of these F. B. I. stories by Mr. Collins. Other features you will not want to miss are

COMMUTER'S PROGRESS, by Oscar Graeve, BLONDE CONSCIENCE, by George S. Brooks, YOUR TOWN'S A TARGET, by Walter Karig, and HOLLYWOOD'S COMING NEW STARS, by Clara Beranger.



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in *Liberty* are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
ELISE PARKS

Everybody's talking about the
extra care, brilliance
that Luster-Foam "bubble bath"
gives the teeth!

BETTY: That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous... my mouth feels so fresh.

BETH: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?

1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!

JIM: Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

JOAN: Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.

LARRY: Will we ever save enough to own one?

LOU: Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.

More than
¼ POUND
of tooth paste in the
double size tube 40¢
Regular size tube 25¢

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE



WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big double-size at 40¢, containing more than ¼ of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

THE NEW FORMULA

Supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM

P. S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM



The Chesterfield glove, created by New York's smart designer Merry Hull...

Original and different too is Chesterfield's way of combining the world's best tobaccos to bring out the finer qualities of each. It's the *Chesterfield* way and that's why Chesterfields are milder than other cigarettes. They also have a better taste and more *pleasing* aroma. Chesterfields really satisfy.

Chesterfield



HAND-AND-GLOVE WITH
MORE SMOKING PLEASURE